

ILLUSTRATED TALES TO BEWITCH & BEDEVIL YOU



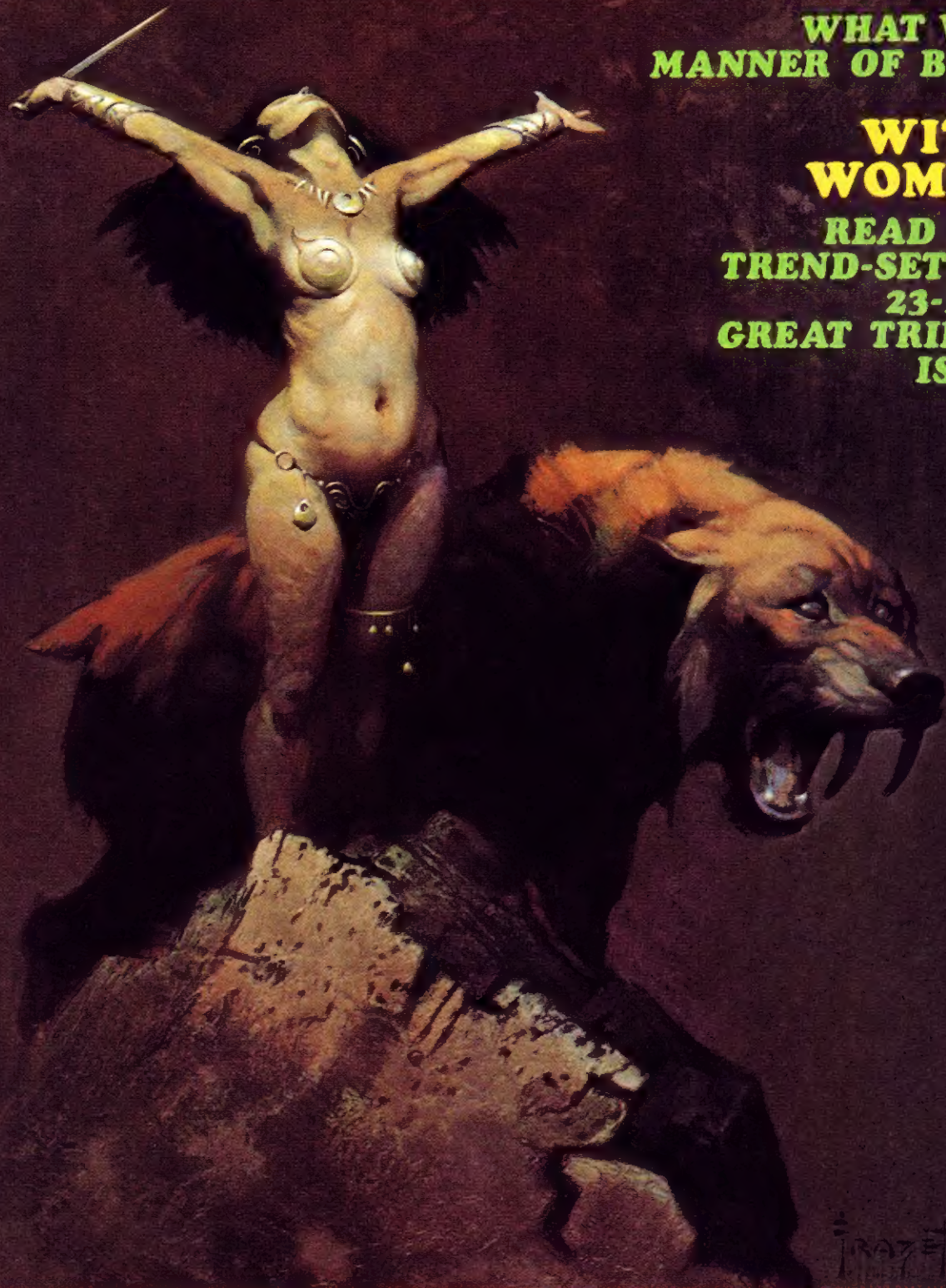
VAMPI
#7
SEPT

VAMPIRELLA

A WARREN MAGAZINE PDC

WHAT WILD
MANNER OF BEING
IS A
**WITCH
WOMAN?**

READ THIS
TREND-SETTING
23-PAGE
GREAT TRILOGY
ISSUE!



IRAZETA

50c

AN EDITORIAL TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND ALL THE MEMBERS OF CONGRESS

---ON BEHALF OF OUR READERS,
MOST OF WHOM ARE FROM 10 TO 18 YEARS OLD...

WE are a magazine publishing company that is in business to entertain and enlighten our audience. We don't publish politically-oriented magazines (3 of our titles are comics-format), but we do get involved in the serious issues of our times.

BOTH this company and our young readers have felt for some time now that our country is in deep trouble. Our first personal taste of this trouble occurred in 1965 when we came out with **BLAZING COMBAT** Magazine. Blazing Combat was a comic book that grimly pointed out that war is hell, and in-

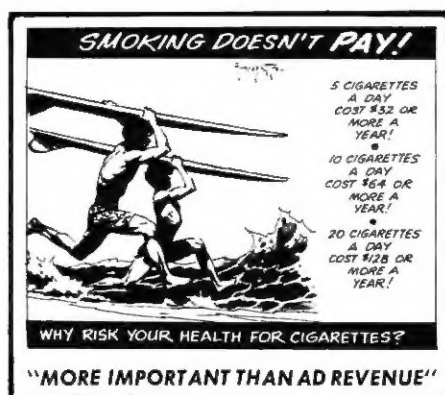


human—and not the glamorous, adventurous matter often depicted in the mass media. Editor Archie Goodwin wrote some of the finest anti-war stories ever seen in comics form.

It was a publication we were proud of. Yet, Blazing Combat was a failure on the newsstands. It lasted 4 issues.

WE suspect that part of the reason it failed was because some of the people involved in the sales and distribution of our product didn't like the attitude we took on Viet Nam. Back in 1965 it was considered, by most, extremely unpatriotic not to support our country's position. We received complaints

along about our second issue. We ignored them, but could not ignore the economic effect of losing thousands of dollars each issue. We ceased publication.



WE were angry—that a magazine we thought deserved to live—had died, possibly because it proclaimed a message that said "War is hell—and the Viet Nam war is not only hell, it's absolute insanity for our country." And so Blazing Combat went quietly out of business.

STILL another involvement for us is the running of our Anti-Cigarette Smoking ad.

CREATED at our own expense, this half-page Comics-Format ad "EASY WAY TO A TUFF SURF-BOARD!" (written by Archie Goodwin, drawn by Frank Frazetta) has been running in all Warren Magazines for the past 5 summers. It's not the kind of ad you'll see in any other publication in America. It doesn't help sell our magazines, but we run it because we believe the message is important

(more important than advertising revenue)—and deserves exposure in our pages.

Now we must again speak out, concerning that most urgent issue—our involvement in Southeast Asia.

WE realize that only you, Mr. President, can end this war—the longest and costliest war in our history. Failing this, only You—the Members of Congress—can stop the President from continuing a war that is taking the lives and limbs of our youth, soiling our national conscience, and splitting this country down the middle.

MOST of us readers are under 21. We can't vote—yet. But we don't have to be 21 to die in a war that was a mistake to begin with.

That's why we are angry with you adults, Mr. President and Members of Congress. You adults have let this drag on for half of our lives. We've tried to tell you this in our demonstrations. We tried to tell you this at Kent State. Were you listening?

PERHAPS you don't listen because you think we're children. You may even think it strange or odd that words like these appear in a magazine such as this. But we're deadly serious about what we're now saying.

Do something about it NOW.

BEFORE another human life is wasted—give us PEACE, NOW!

James Warren,
President

WARREN PUBLISHING CO.



VAMPIRELLA

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CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: BILL PARENTE, NICOLA CUTI **COVER:** FRANK FRAZETTA

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VAMPI'S



SCARLET LETTERS

Somebody happened to give me a copy of **VAMPIRELLA** and I must say it is unique in at least one respect: the pleasantness and affection you show to those who write to you. And that inspires me to write to you myself.

I was about six or seven when **E. C.** was around, and I was not too young to understand the crusade that drummed them off the market. I can still remember my local newspaper running a picture of **MAD's** special "notebook-for-school-goof-offs issue" on their front page. The poor nervous adults of the period seemed appalled at the idea that their youngsters could actually enjoy learning how to read.

I certainly gained more reading proficiency in reading from the tales of the old Crypt Keeper, the Old Witch and The Ghoul than I ever did from my first, second or third grade primers. Dick and Jane and Sally and Spot just didn't project the creditability those incredible horror stories did.

"I shed a tear over **ESCAPE ROUTE**"

Those stories did for me then what a poem or story by Dylan Thomas does for me today.

I don't know if your magazine is inferior to those old **E. C.'s** or if my interest simply requires more today. A little of both, and probably more of the latter, I say.

Anyway, the whole book had me in such a nostalgic mood, I almost shed a tear over "**Escape Route**." I guess that **VAMPIRELLA** is to others just beginning to encounter the dimensions of fiction what the old **E. C.** books were to me. And though I should know better, I, too, am a little in love with **VAMPIRELLA**.

TOM RYAN
Jackson Heights, N.Y.



It's what I like best about your world, Tom. There's so much love here. Good to see it's spreading to people who think they should know better.

I'd like to see an inside story by Frank Frazetta who is my favorite artist. At least give us more of his covers. I also think artist Billy Graham is very talented. How about reprinting the pictures from some of your covers on the back so we'll have a pinup suitable for framing. Or how about giant pinups as so many readers seem to want?

TOMMY LAND
Kenosha, Wisc.



We are planning to make big pinups. Honest. But we know you want the best, and the best takes a bit longer. Keep watching for an order form.

Your mag is just great. I'd like to see more stories about Vampi herself. What, if anything, can harm her? I'd also like to see a real lookalike contest.

Starting with my next issue (#8) I'll be starring in a 23-page story about my further adventures here on your groovy planet. Archie Goodwin has been at my wings continuously, copiously recording all my idle chatter, and then has handed his notes to Tom Sutton for Tom to illustrate. If I like what they do, I may tell them more about myself.

VAMPIRELLA is a good magazine but the majority of male readers buy it solely for the girlie art. But you deprive them of it because you censor it too much.

ANNE CONNORS
Germantown, Tenn.

I just found out about your fantastic magazine. It's just great! I want to read more and more of them. But I have a problem: I keep waiting for the next issue to come out. Could you please tell me how often the issues go on sale?

GEORGE WEBER
Flushing, N.Y.



There are six issues a year. You could stop looking and save money, too, if you ordered a subscription.

I think you are the most beautiful vampire on this or any other planet in the universe.

Your latest issue (#5) was just great. I especially liked that cover by Frank Frazetta.

One thing I disliked, though, was the first story "The Craft of The Cat's Eye." It didn't have a good enough ending. It was truly a cat-astrophe.

Every other story in the issue was terrific.

JOHN STEPHENS
Pell City, Ala.

If you decide to have more stories about yourself, have Mike Royer or Billy Graham do the art.

I would also like very much to be President of your Fan Club. To show my interest, here are some of my bright ideas:

You should have an anniversary issue on your birth month. You should have a pin-up of the front cover on the back cover of every issue. You should have a monthly newsletter showing pictures and names of club members, new artists and some news happenings.

STEVE LAMBERTI
Columbia, Mo.



You've got some competition, Steve, but not a bad

platform. We already have taken some of your suggestions. You'll see more pictures of readers and biographies of artists and writers right here in the magazine. It isn't monthly, but it's a start.

I dig your mag so much I have two subscriptions. Your mag is so perfectly horrorbillized and terrorized, you'd have to drive a stake through my heart before I'm stop buying it.

I must say your issue #5 wins the award for art and stories. Just like the first four. I hope this magazine goes all the way to #500 and keeps going.

Also, I'd like to be a candidate for President of your fan club. I heard about a girl who wants to run. But how can a girl appreciate a ghoulish chick like you more than a boy can?

ANDY FIGNAR
Sterling Heights, Mich.



Girls appreciate me, too, Andy. Not in the same way, but in their own way, just as much. A Vampi Fan Club is on its way.

Well, I've been bitten by the bug. Your bug. Unlike those two-bit mags—like Uncle What's-His-Name and Cousin Whatchacallim—I've found something worth my while in **VAMPIRELLA**. You're really neat, Vampi, the hottest chick I know.

RANDY LOOMIS
Humboldt, Iowa

Wow! The cover of issue #5 was just great. Get Frazetta to do more like it. An soon, too. He gets better and better with each cover he does. Sutton is one of your best artists. His art reminds me of Steve Ditko's. If you ever get a chance, please bring Ditko back because he used to be one of your greatest. When I see his art in ordinary comic books, it never looks as good as it always did in **CREEPY** and **EERIE**. Billy Graham is also a good artist. I never saw a style quite like his before. Why don't you have him try a cover?

MIKE PHILLIPS
Tornado, W. Va.

Thank you for the best issue yet—number five. It was topped only by **CREEPY** #32, which will undoubtedly stand as a monument to the entire horror illustration field.

Frazetta's cover, equal to none, made an outstanding prelude to "Scaly Death." Some of Graham's drawings

IS YOUR NEWSSTAND WITH IT?

If you can't find **CREEPY** or **EERIE** or **VAMPIRELLA** on your favorite newsstand, here's something you can do about it. Just fill out this coupon to let us know where that backward newsstand is. We'll see that they get with it.

This store needs (check one) **CREEPY** ☐ **EERIE** ☐ **VAMPIRELLA** ☐

Store's Name

Store's Address

City State & Zip

Mail Coupon to: **CREEPY NEWSSTANDS**
22 E. 42d Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

“ I never saw a style quite like Billy Graham's ”



BILLY GRAHAM

(particularly page 16, panel 9 and pages 18 and 19!) are better than any of the interior work that Frazetta ever did. I predict that in the future, Billy Graham will be to illustrated horror that Vaughn Bode, Jack Gaughan and Chesley Bonestel are to science fiction.

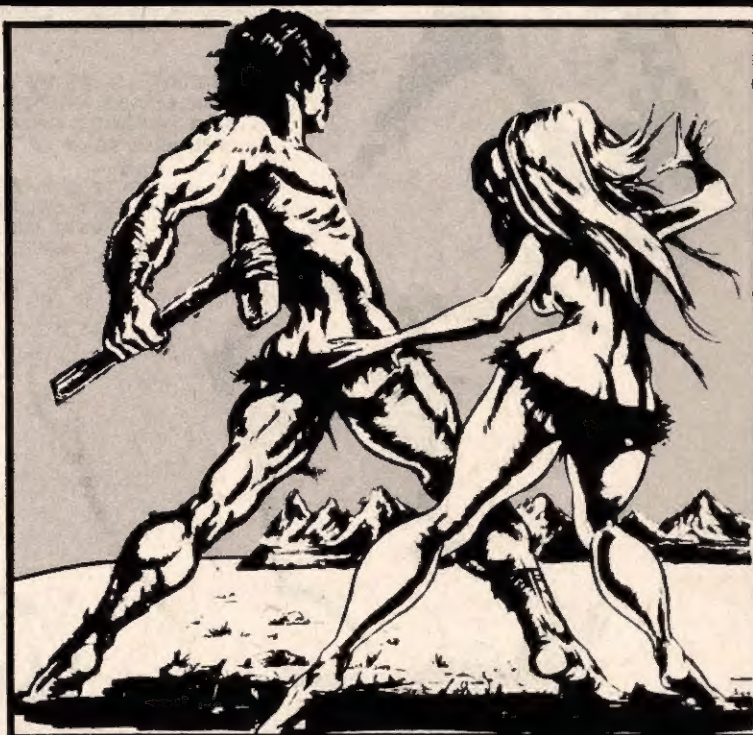
I see a new trend starting at Warren Publications. It began with **CREEPY** #32, led to



Frazetta's cover painting (above photo) and Billy Graham's rendering of same scene (shown right) in **VAMPIRELLA** #5.

FAMOUS MONSTERS #64, snowballed at **EERIE** #27 and really started rolling with **VAMPIRELLA** #5. I only hope it doesn't culminate too fast. Congratulations!

MIKE BYRD
Cocoa, Fla.



I feel it's my turn to speak out on your magazines now that **VAMPIRELLA** has slogged through five issues. The letter columns still overflow with glowing praise of this new venture. But I find it hard to believe that such an attraction can be developed for a poorly-written, badly-drawn, overpriced travesty such as **VAMPIRELLA**—not to mention its companion magazines, **CREEPY** and **EERIE**. The plain fact is that these are not high-quality horror (as stated by B. Hallenbeck). They are not "literature of the highest quality" (M. Poole). In fact, I don't think any of them holds up in originality, good scripting, intelligence, and high-quality art—not to mention price.

Originality? Every formula Warren plot, saturated with tiresome repeats of the same old vampires, werewolves and ghouls, never amounts to more than the same old thing restated. All too seldom does a good story appear, and when it does, the terrible art finishes it.

It's quite obvious that the only good story in any of the Warren trio that has deserved the all-around label of "a good work of art" was the Ellison-Adams teamup on "Rock God" in **CREEPY** #32. Though even here, the heavy text had its drawbacks.

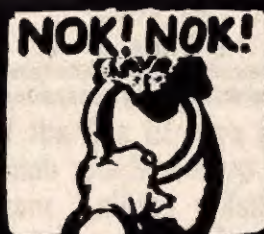
Warren can continue to imagine himself the "more sophisticated magazines" publisher, but as long as Vampi et al continue to crank out hack stories backed up by abysmal art and saturated with cutsey-cutsey, pimply-faced sex, you'll never make it. Though this letter will obvi-

ously never see print, I hardly care. I'll buy from your competitor—who can supply real quality.

RONALD HARRIS
Stanford, Ga.

The letter saw print, Ronald. And probably twice. Letters pages are one thing the competition hasn't swiped—yet. But chances are, you'll probably see this letter printed soon by one of our web-footed friends.

SOME GOOD IDEAS have come from our letters page. What do you think of them? How about your ideas? Send them to:
SCARLET LETTERS
22 E. 42d Street
New York, N.Y. 10017

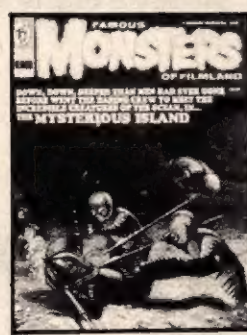
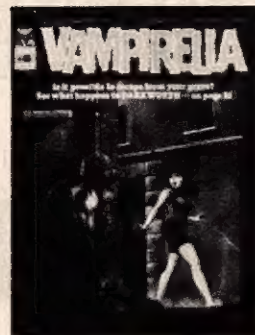


**OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS ONCE—
THE POSTMAN RINGS TWICE—**

THAT MAKES THREE GOOD REASONS FOR YOU TO—

SUBSCRIBE!

AND HAVE THESE FOUR TERRIFIC WARREN MAGAZINES DELIVERED TO YOUR DOOR A WEEK OR SO BEFORE THEY APPEAR ON YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND. BE THE ENVY OF THE GANG! BE THE ENVY OF THE ENTIRE WORLD! DO IT NOW—OR ELSE!!



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CITY..... STATE..... ZIP CODE.....

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MAIL TO WARREN PUBLISHING CO., 22 E. 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

WHY A WITCH TRILOGY?

A TRILOGY IS, BY DEFINITION, THREE STORIES WRITTEN ABOUT A SINGLE THEME OR SUBJECT... IN THIS CASE WITCHES, YOU MAY WONDER WHY TWO STORIES ARE NOT ENOUGH TO EXPLORE THIS SUBJECT THOROUGHLY; THE REASON IS BECAUSE WITH TWO VIEWS OF WITCHES, YOU WILL TEND TO THINK OF THEM ONLY IN TERMS OF GOOD OR EVIL.

WITCHES ARE WOMEN, AND AS WOMEN THEY ARE USUALLY COMPLEX. IT WOULD BE A GREAT INJUSTICE TO LIMIT THEM TO A MERE TWO DIMENSIONS. THE OFF-BEAT HEROINES OF THESE TALES ARE INNOCENT, VINDICTIVE, JEALOUS, PROTECTIVE, ROMANTIC; EVERYTHING THAT A WOMAN IS.

IN ADDITION, THEY POSSESS SUPERNATURAL POWERS WHICH MAKES THEM MORE DANGEROUS THAN MORTAL WOMEN AND THEY WIELD THEIR POWERS EMOTIONALLY RATHER THAN LOGICALLY, AS MEN WOULD. THEREFORE A "WARLOCK TRILOGY" MIGHT BE AS INTERESTING AS A "WITCH TRILOGY" BUT IT IS DOUBTFUL THAT IT WOULD BE AS TERRIFYING.

WHEN WE ASKED WRITER NICK CUTI IF THESE TALES WERE BASED UPON THE PERSONALITIES OF THREE GIRLS HE KNEW, HE REPLIED THAT HE HAD ONLY ONE GIRL IN MIND. AND SHE MUST BE QUITE A GIRL, JUDGING BY THE FOLLOWING 23 PAGES...



THE CREATORS OF THE WITCH TRILOGY:

NICK CUTI

Writer of
The Witch Trilogy

"I think of myself as a Storyteller, rather than a writer, and I find comics to be the best and most satisfying way to tell my tales."



BILLY GRAHAM

Artist on
The Black Witch

"I hate drawing comics. My eyes have turned to camera lenses, my fingers are now paint brushes and I'm rotting to death at my drawing board. Is the sun still yellow?"



TOM SUTTON

Artist on
The White Witch

"Am over 30 and not to be trusted. Prefer doing visually exciting monsters & outer space stuff. Studied painting at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, but still love the comic media."



ERNIE COLON

Artist on
The Mind Witch

"My favorite comic illustrator is Warren Kremer, whom I've admired for years. I love cartooning, especially comic strips. Warren's magazines are terrific, and so is he. Right, Jim? Jim, you hear me?!"



PROLOGUE:

THE SOURCE OF THE SOUND IS WITHIN, IS IT THE LINGERING BEAT OF HEARTS OF THOSE WHO ONCE *INHABITED* THESE GRISLY WALLS? HAS THE CASTLE A STONE HEART OF ITS OWN PUMPING SEWAGE THROUGH ITS RAT INFESTED VEINS?

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

OR IS THERE SOMETHING *ALIVE* WITHIN? A SURVIVOR OF DEAD AGES; A WARM, BLOOD PUMPING CREATURE WHO HAS RECLAIMED THIS DECAYING SHELL OF A ONCE PROUD EDIFICE?

DARE WE ENTER!

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

AS YOU CAN SEE THERE IS NOTHING ALIVE IN HERE... UNLESS YOU COUNT *ME!* I HAVE NO IDEA *WHAT* THAT AWFUL SOUND IS BUT I WON'T LET IT DISTRACT ME.

I WAS JUST ABOUT TO READ THE BIOGRAPHIES OF SOME OF MY FAVORITE PEOPLE... *WITCHES!*

FIRST ORDER WITCHES ONLY, SECOND ORDER WITCHES *ARE* HUMAN BUT FIRST ORDER WITCHES ARE ... WELL ANYTHING *BUT!*

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! **

SOME WITCHES ARE BORN *CURSED*, SOME ARE BORN BLESSED WITH *BIZZARE POWERS* AND SOME... SOME WERE *NEVER BORN AT ALL* BUT CONCEIVED BY *MYSTERIOUS FORCES*. WE WILL LEARN ABOUT THEM ALL IN THESE TALES OF...

THREE WITCHES

IN THE STILL OF THE EVENING, A SOUND, *ALIEN* TO THESE SWAMPS, BEATS ACROSS THE GASEOUS MARSH AND REVERBERATES THE REEDS IN THE WINDLESS AIR. IT IS THE RHYTHMIC BEATING OF A *HEART* OR PERHAPS *SEVERAL* HEARTS...

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

HOW MANY THINGS CAN YOU NAME THAT ARE **WHITE** AND GROW IN THE **DARK**?
MUSHROOMS? VERY GOOD! WHAT ELSE? **NOTHING ELSE**? YOU'VE COME TO
THE RIGHT PLACE, FRIEND, BECAUSE AFTER READING THIS TALE, YOU CAN
ADD TO YOUR LIST AN **ALBINO BAT** AND...

THE WHITE WITCH!



THE MELODIC STRAINS OF ZENIA'S
SOFT, HAUNTING VOICE CREPT
THROUGH THE AUDIENCE LIKE A
MIST, ENCIRCLING EACH LISTENER
AND HOLDING THEM IN WHATEVER
MOOD SHE CHOOSES.

Tom Sutton

IT'S A VERY GOOD
LIKENESS! WOULD
YOU **SELL** IT TO ME?

ONLY FOR THE PRICE
OF YOUR **COMPANY**
AT MY TABLE!
MY NAME IS JUD...



... AND SO AFTER
SCHOOL, I MOVED
FROM DETROIT TO
NEW YORK, I'M
DOING FAIRLY WELL
AS A PORTRAIT
ARTIST, BUT...

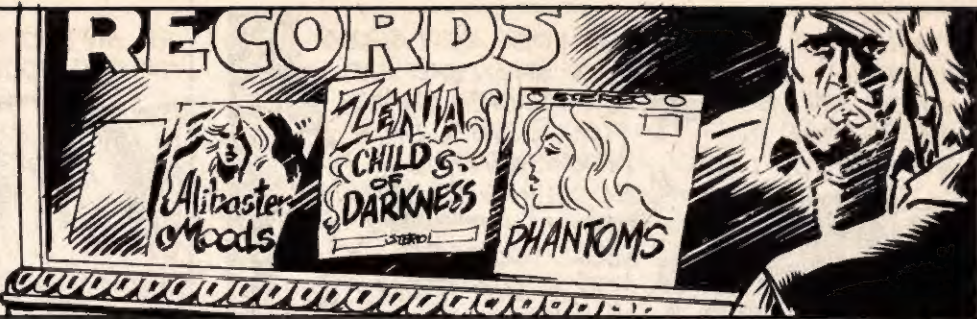
I'VE BEEN ENJOY-
ING MYSELF SO
MUCH I'VE FORGOT-
TEN THE **TIME**!
MY **BROTHER** WILL
BE FURIOUS!

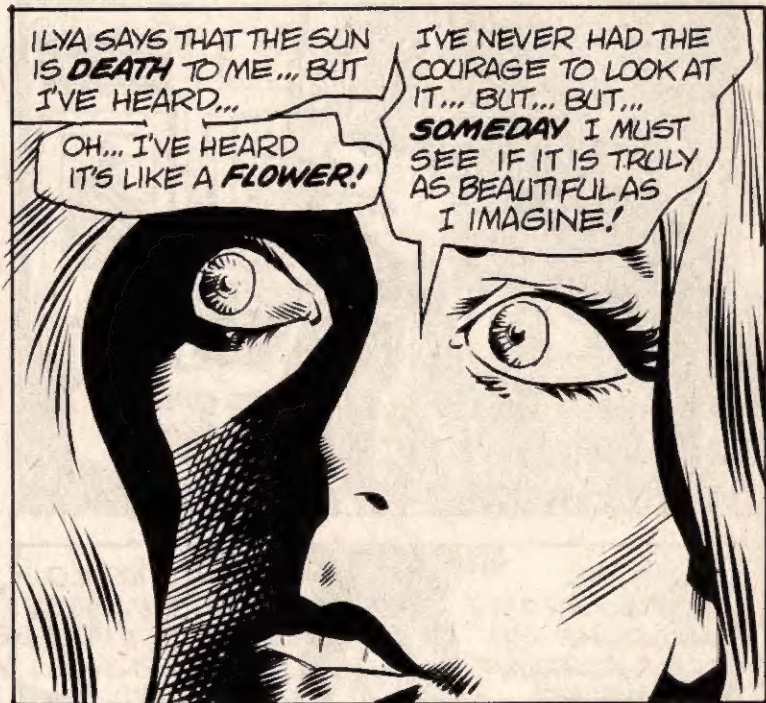
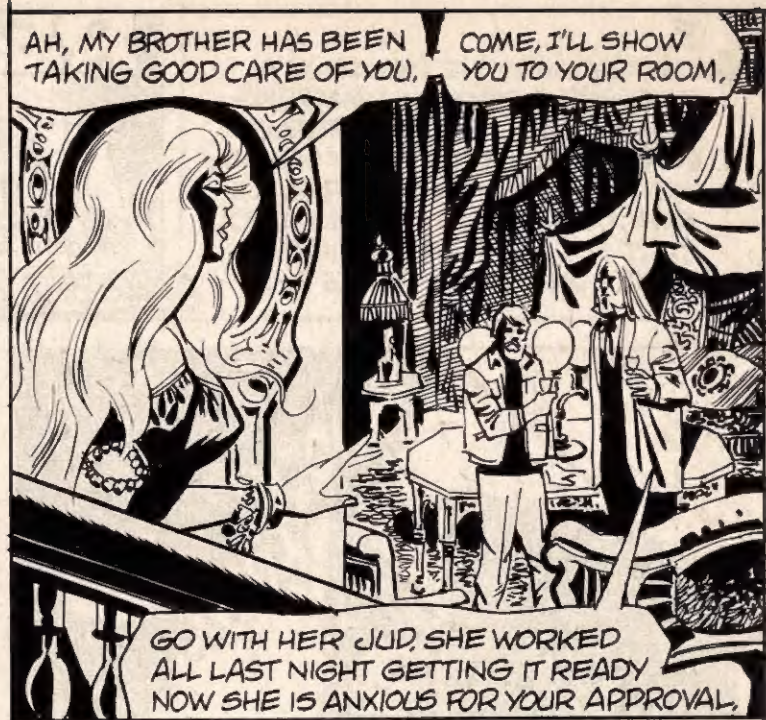
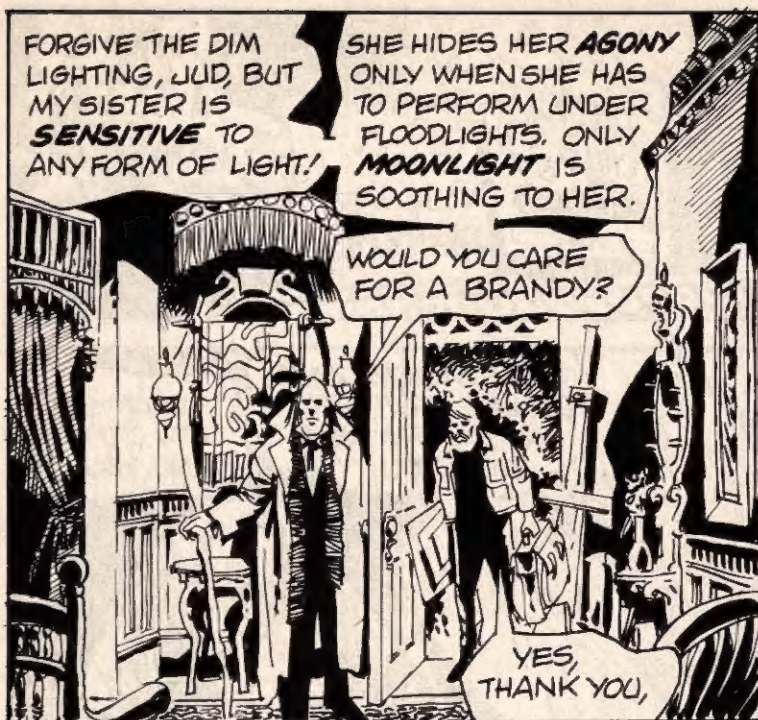


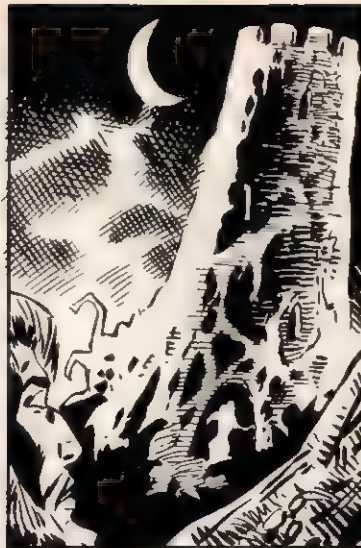
ZENIA! WHEN
WILL I SEE YOU
AGAIN?



JUD FELT LIKE THE PRINCE IN A CINDERELLA STORY. HIS MEETING WITH THE LOVELY ZENIA SEEMED **UNREAL** BUT EVERY TIME HE SAW HER FACE OR HEARD HER VOICE, SHE TOOK FORM IN HIS MIND SO THAT IT WAS AS IF SHE HAD LEFT HIM ONLY MOMENTS AGO.







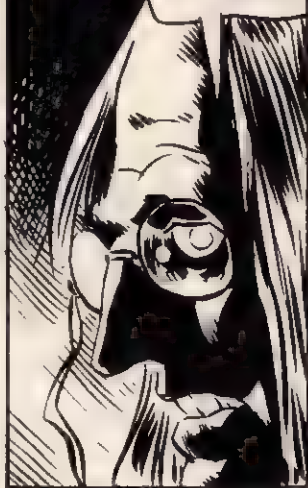
IT WAS NEARLY DAWN BEFORE SLEEP CAME TO THE TROUBLED ARTIST AND WHEN IT DID...



**JUD!
HELP ME!**

ZENIA HAS NOT BEEN IN HER ROOM!

I THINK SHE'S FALLEN ILL SOMEWHERE IN THE FOREST!



YOU SEARCH TO THE SOUTH, I'LL COVER THE NORTH!



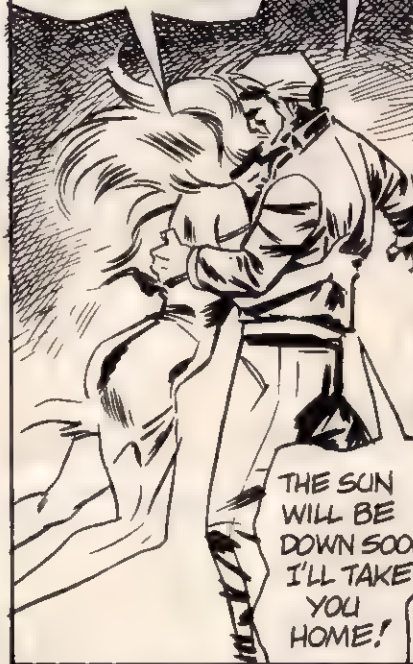
BE CAREFUL, FRIEND! IT HAS RAINED RECENTLY AND THE WOODS ARE VERY MUDDY!

FOR HOURS JUD SEARCHED IN VAIN, FEARING SOME TERRIBLE FATE HAD ALREADY OVERTAKEN THE PRECIOUS GIRL, THEN—



**MY
GOD!**

I'VE FAILED... FORMULA WAS TOO WEAK! TO PROTECT MYSELF FROM THE SUN I COVERED MYSELF WITH THE MUD!



ZENIA,
OH,
ZENIA!

THE SUN WILL BE DOWN SOON I'LL TAKE YOU HOME!

IT WAS **MAGNIFICENT!** SO BRIGHT AND WARM! I MUST SEE IT AGAIN ONEDAY.

YOU WILL HELP ME TO SEE IT AGAIN, WON'T YOU JUD?



**THANK
GOD!**

I'D GIVEN UP ALL HOPE!

COME... BRING HER TO HER ROOM.

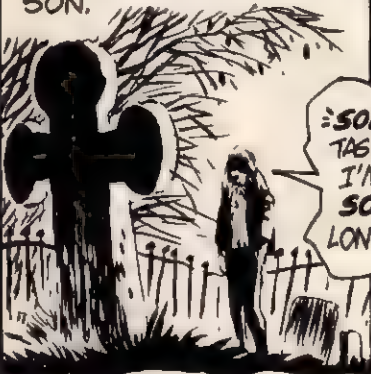


CAN SUCH A THING BE **TRUE?** HOW CAN SUCH AN ILLNESS BE?

JUD, THERE IS A STORY... FOLK TALE
IF YOU WILL... THAT I MUST TELL YOU,
YOU WILL EXCUSE ME IF I PROJECT
MYSELF INTO IT.

IT BEGINS WITH MY CHILDHOOD,
MANY YEARS AGO WHEN I
FIRST CAME TO THIS COUNTRY
FROM MY NATIVE RUSSIA...

THERE WAS NO KINDER
WOMAN THAN MY STEP-
MOTHER, TASHA, I LOVED
HER MORE THAN MY
NATURAL MOTHER WHO
HAD DIED WHEN I WAS
AN INFANT, AND TASHA
LOVED ME AS HER OWN
SON.



SHE HAD ALWAYS PROMISED
ME A PLAYMATE, A LITTLE
SISTER BUT SHE PASSED
AWAY CHILDLESS.

ONE YEAR LATER, I HAD GONE TO THE CEMETARY
TO PAY MY RESPECTS WHEN...



LITTLE
WHITE
MOTHS!

SOB!
TASHA,
I'M
SO
LONELY

THERE MUST BE
HUNDREDS...
THOUSANDS!



THEY'RE
FLYING
TO
THE
TOWER
OF
THE
GRAVES!



INSIDE THE OLD
TOWER THEY
SEEMED TO
HAVE...

VANISHED!

BUT
WAIT...
THIS
DOOR...



A...A CATAPILLAR...
CHOKE!
SPINNING A
CACOON!

GASP!

Y'ALL DONE WASTIN' YER TIME,
BILLIE JEAN? TALKIN' T' THAT
WEIRD THORP GAL-I SWEAR
SHE'S A **WITCH**! SHE GIVE
YA A CHARM-SOMETHIN' TA
GIT BACK YER LOVER? YA
GIVE HER MONEY? WE'RE A
PORE FAMILY, GIRL. YER MOM
WORKS HERSELF **BECK**! YA
DIDN'T GIVE HER MONEY,
DID YA?

BILLIE JEAN!
OH, LORD-
BILLIE JEAN!

POOR BILLIE JEAN DIDN'T
REALIZE HOW EXPENSIVE
A DOCTOR'S BILLS CAN
BECOME-ESPECIALLY A
WITCH DOCTOR'S! SHE
NEVER SUSPECTED SHE'D
HAVE TO LEAVE HER **SOUL**
BEHIND WHEN SHE WENT
TO VISIT....

The Mind Witch

KIN YA **HELP** HER, DOC?
SHE'S MAH ONLY CHILE AN'
SHE BIN THAT WAY A WEEK
NOW-EVER SINCE SHE
WENT T' SEE CARRIE THORP!

THERE'S NOTHING PHYSICALLY
WRONG WITH HER-IT'S AS IF
SHE'S BEEN DRAINED OF HER
INTELLIGENCE...HER MIND...OR,
AS SOME MIGHT SAY-HER **SOUL**.
YOU CAN'T TRANSPLANT A **SOUL**.

ERNIE COLÓN

CARRIE THORP HAD BEEN A MYSTERY EVER SINCE SHE CAME TO THE OLD HOUSE TO LIVE. NO ONE EVER SAW HER EXCEPT THOSE WHO WENT TO VISIT AND WHEN THEY RETURNED THEY NEVER TALKED ABOUT HER. IN FACT, THEY RARELY TALKED ABOUT ANYTHING....



WE'RE HERE FOR THE SEANCE-UH-WE WERE INVITED BY MISS THORP.

COME IN.



HOW DELIGHTFUL! YOU'VE ALL COME. BE SEATED WHERE YOU'LL BE COMFORTABLE AND WE'LL BEGIN...



DO NOT FIGHT THE FORCES ACTING UPON YOU. FREE YOUR MINDS OF ALL PROBLEMS-FREE YOUR MINDS! WATCH YOUR REFLECTIONS IN THE GLOBE AS IT MIRRORS YOUR SOULS-WATCH THEM QUIVER, THEN FADE....

WASN'T IT A WONDERFUL EVENING? DON'T YOU ALL FEEL UNBURDENED? I LOVED HAVING YOU ALL-AND YOU WON'T FORGET TO TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT ME!

OH, MY- I'M SO HUNGRY... AND YOU ALL LOOK SO- LUSCIOUS! WHOSE SOUL SHALL I EAT FIRST? MR CARTER? JULIE DOVER? SAM COLTON?

NOW HERE'S A BIG SWEET ONE SALLY KELLERNICK. I KNOW YOU'LL BE TASTIER THAN MRS DOVISH. I FOUND HER TO BE A TRIFLE SOUR. SHE WAS THE TOWN GOSSIP- AND YOU, SALLY- ARE THE TOWN... NAUGHTY GIRL!

PLEASE- PLEASE! HAVE MERCY, MISS CARRIE- AAAHH!

THE SCREAM WAS TINY. IT CARRIED ONLY A FEW FEET BEFORE BEING CUT SHORT....

UFFRIN HILLS WAS STILL A REGULATION STOP ON THE RAILROAD ROUTE, BUT THE TRAIN STOPPED THERE FOR THE LAST TIME AT 7:30 PM SATURDAY BEFORE THE TOWN'S NAME WAS REMOVED FROM THE SCHEDULE FOREVER....

DR AXELROD- I'M GLAD YOU COULD COME!

WHEN YOU MENTIONED IN YOUR LETTER THAT MY PATIENT'S ILLNESS WAS A SORT OF- EPIDEMIC AROUND HERE, I HAD TO COME!

THEY DO THEIR WORK EVEN MORE EFFICIENTLY THAN BEFORE, AS IF BY INSTINCT ALONE- THEY SIMPLY OBEY. THE CRIME AND ACCIDENT RATE IS ZERO- AND THEY'RE LIKE MACHINES!

HOW MUCH OF THE TOWN IS AFFECTED?

WE'RE THE ONLY ONES AFFECTED!

DOCTOR- HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A SPY? IT COULD BE DANGEROUS. YOU HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW THAT.

I COULD LOSE MY MIND, COULDN'T I? HOWEVER, I'M INTRIGUED WITH THE IDEA OF MEETING THE MYSTERIOUS CARRIE THORP. WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO?

DR AXELROD GAINED A NEW DEGREE. HE WAS NOW A MASTER OF OCCULT SCIENCE, AND HE CALLED ON CARRIE THORP USING THAT TITLE ONLY.

MISS- IS THIS CARRIE THORP'S RESIDENCE?

MISS, I SAID-

S UDDENLY-

BACK, MINDLESS ABOMINATION! DO NOT DARE HARM MY GUEST!

YAAA!!

THE EVENING WIND DISPLAYED CARRIE'S RAVEN TRESSES AS HER INHUMAN LADIES IN WAITING TENDED TO THEIR MISTRESS.

DR AXELROD, HOW GOOD OF YOU TO REQUEST AN AUDIENCE WITH ME. PLEASE EXCUSE MY PETS. I HAVE ONLY RECENTLY SENT FOR THEM AND THEY ARE NOT USED TO THE SURROUNDINGS...

I SUPPOSE YOUR PETS ARE USED TO A MUCH **WARMER** CLIMATE?

AS CARRIE MOVED CLOSER TO HIM, JOHN WAS AWARE OF WARMTH AND ENERGY RADIATING FROM THE BEAUTIFUL WITCH.

MY PETS ARE NOT FROM HELL, DOCTOR—NOR AM I. COME, HAVE A CUP OF CAPUCHINO WITH ME AND I WILL... EXPLAIN.

AS I TOLD YOU ON THE PHONE, I'M WRITING A BOOK ON CONTEMPORARY WITCHCRAFT AND FEEL THAT YOU DESERVE AN ENTIRE CHAPTER. COULD YOU TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR PARTICULAR FORM OF MAGIC?

MY MAGIC IS WORTHY OF A **BOOK!** PERHAPS **SEVERAL** VOLUMES, NOT A MERE CHAPTER—COULD I INTEREST YOU IN A CANDY BALL?

SO **THIS** IS HOW YOU DO IT! EITHER YOU ARE A **FIEND** OR SOMETHING FROM ANOTHER **WORLD!**

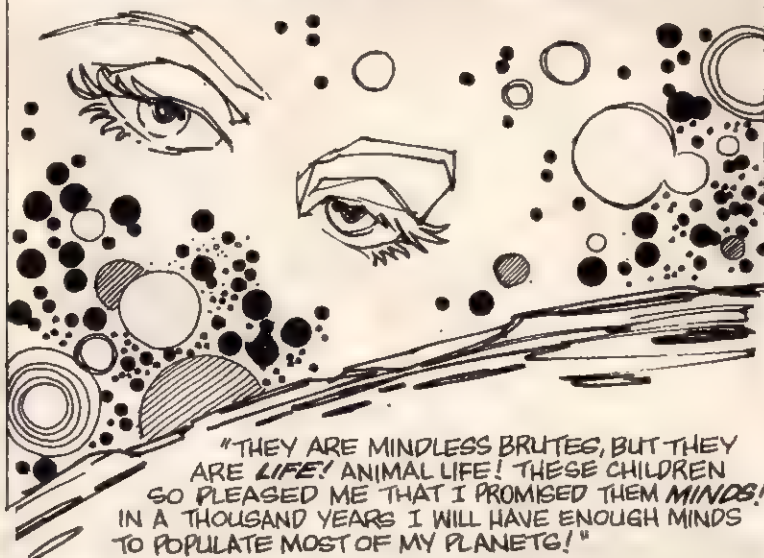
NEITHER! JUST A MOTHER CARRYING OUT A PROMISE TO HER CHILDREN! AS A DOCTOR YOU SHOULD UNDERSTAND THAT—AND I KNOW THAT YOU ARE A **DOCTOR!**

SHERIFF KANTZ FELL VICTIM TO ME ONLY MOMENTS BEFORE YOU ARRIVED! HE TOLD ME—**EVERYTHING!**

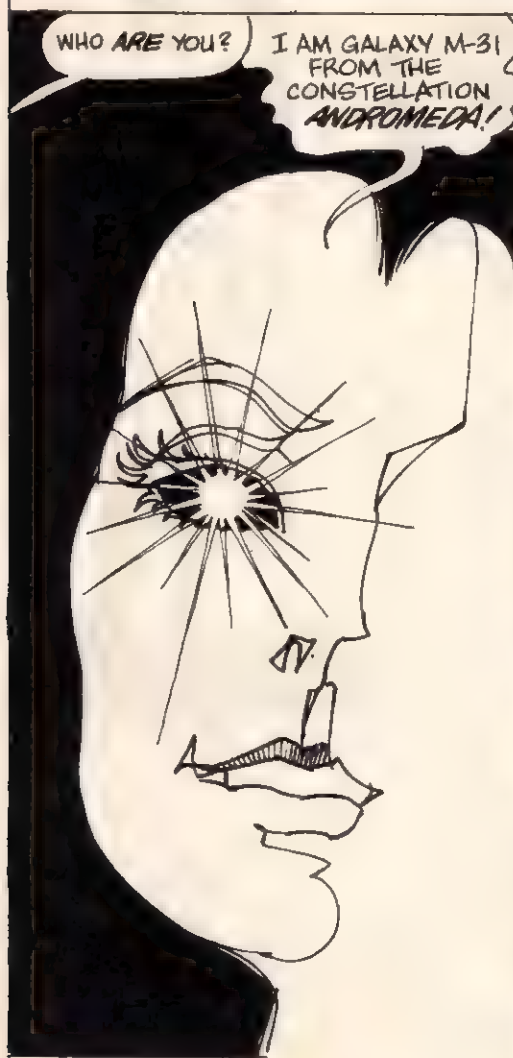


DO NOT GRIEVE FOR HIM...DO NOT GRIEVE FOR ANY OF THEM! THEY ARE ALIVE AND WELL-DESTINED TO BUILD CIVILIZATIONS ON DISTANT WORLDS!

"SOME OF MY WORLDS ARE BARREN FRAGMENTS, STONE-DRY, WINDLESS PLANETS OF PERPETUAL COLD OR HEAT... SOME HAVE ATMOSPHERES OF SUCH FEROCITY THAT THEY DENY ALL LIFE FORMS. ONLY A FEW OF MY WORLDS PRODUCE LIFE.



"THEY ARE MINDLESS BRUTES, BUT THEY ARE LIFE! ANIMAL LIFE! THESE CHILDREN SO PLEASED ME THAT I PROMISED THEM MINDS! IN A THOUSAND YEARS I WILL HAVE ENOUGH MINDS TO POPULATE MOST OF MY PLANETS!"



WHO ARE YOU?

I AM GALAXY M-31 FROM THE CONSTELLATION ANDROMEDA!

YOU DON'T BELIEVE A GALAXY HAS A LIFE OF ITS OWN, THE FEELINGS AND POWER TO DO WHAT I HAVE DONE?



OH, I BELIEVE IT. I ALSO BELIEVE YOU HAVE THE CONCEIT TO DISRUPT AN ENTIRE STAR SYSTEM TO FOLLOW YOUR OWN SELFISH ENDS!



EVEN AS HE SPEAKS, A METAMORPHOSIS MOVES OVER THE DOCTOR LIKE A WAVE. HIS VOICE BECOMES DISTANT AND ECHOING...

ANDROMEDA WANTS YOU BACK! SHE HAS SENT ME TO FETCH YOU. FOR YOUR CRIME, ALL LIFE WILL BE TAKEN FROM YOU AND YOU WILL BE BARREN FOR ALL ETERNITY!

Noooo!!

THE EXPLOSION WAS SEEN IN SEVERAL COUNTIES. THE BRIGHTNESS GAVE ILLUMINATION TO THE NIGHT SKY. ONE ASTRONOMER WHO SAW IT SAID IT RESEMBLED A NEBULA - A STAR BURST.

...THE LAST WORD OF OUR DRAMA HAS NOT BEEN SPOKEN. IT HAS YET TO BE HEARD BY THE GIANT EAR PRESSED AGAINST OUTER SPACE - THE OBSERVATORY AT NEW MEXICO.

-WITHIN THE CENTRAL CONTROL AREA, TWO MEN HAVE BEEN REPAIRING THE ELECTRICAL SYSTEM. THEY ARE UNAWARE OF THE STRANGE EXPLOSION AT SUFFRIN HILLS.


TWO YEARS AGO, GALAXY M-32 DISAPPEARS WITHOUT A RUMBLE OR REASON... NOW WE'RE PICKING UP SIGNALS FROM HER AGAIN! IT'S GOT TO BE SOMETHING IN THE CIRCUITS!

I'M PICKING UP AN UNUSUAL SIGNAL! LORD! DOESN'T ANYTHING MAKE SENSE ANYMORE?

WHAT DID YOU HEAR?

I'M SAYING THIS NOW BECAUSE I JUST HEARD IT AND MAYBE I'LL DENY IT A WEEK FROM NOW, BUT IT WAS THE MOST PITIFUL WAIL OF MISERY I EVER HEARD!


AFTER THAT MINDLESS LITTLE TALE, I WONDER - WHEN YOU WISH UPON A STAR... DOES IT WISH BACK ON YOU? NOW I KNOW WHAT THEY MEAN WHEN THEY SAY...THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES!



DURING THE SALEM WITCH HUNTS, MANY INNOCENT GIRLS WERE BURNED AS WITCHES. WE KNOW TODAY THAT EVEN THOUGH WITCHCRAFT IS A WIDELY PRACTICED ART, THOSE GIRLS WHO WERE TRIED AND EXECUTED WERE NOT WITCHES... BECAUSE A GOOD WITCH NEVER GETS CAUGHT! STRANGELY ENOUGH, THIS WAS FOREMOST ON JAOL JONES' MIND AS HE RODE HOME ONE EVENING.

GIDDAP, JUPITER! STOP KICKIN' UP DUST AND ROLLIN' STONES OUT OF YOUR WAY AND LET'S GET HOME! I GOT THIS FEELING THAT THERE'S SOMETHING WATCHING US AND I PRAY THAT IT'S AN ANIMAL! I GOT A RIFLE FOR AN ANIMAL BUT, IF IT'S ANYTHING ELSE...


SUDDENLY...



HEY JOAL... MIND IF I RIDE WITH YOU A BIT? I WANT TO TALK... IT'S A COOL NIGHT AND THE SKY IS PLUM FULL OF STARS. JUST RIGHT FOR TALKING.

IF A BLACK CAT CROSSES YOUR PATH, YOU CAN BE SURE THAT IT WILL BRING BAD LUCK ESPECIALLY IF THAT BLACK CAT TURNS OUT TO BE A PANTHER! OF COURSE, THERE IS ONE BLACK CAT THAT'S EVEN MORE DANGEROUS THAN A PANTHER AND THAT IS...

THE BLACK WITCH!

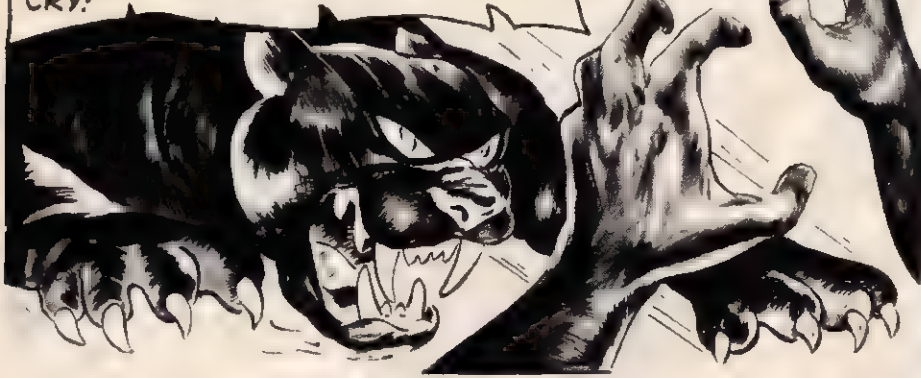


WHAT A GLORIOUS NIGHT! ISN'T IT, JAOL? YOU SEEM NERVOUS! NOW I'VE BEEN SUSPECTING THAT YOU'VE BEEN TWO-TIMING ME FOR MILLIE PRIDE. IS THAT WHAT'S MAKING YOU NERVOUS?

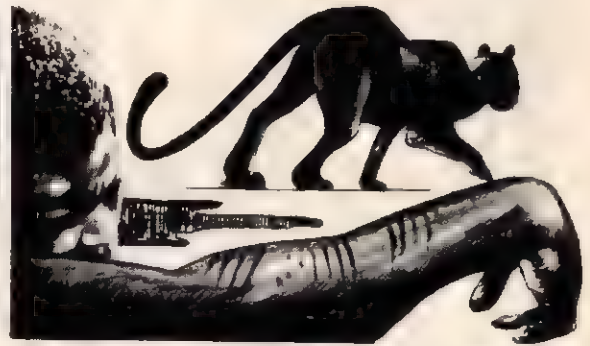
YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW, ZEL... MILLIE AND I ARE ENGAGED!



THE LAST THING JAOL REMEMBERED WERE DRIPPING YELLOW FANGS AND THE LAST THING HEARD WAS THE PANTHER'S HIGH-PITCHED WOMANLY CRY!



WITCHES PREFER TO ANSWER QUESTIONS WITH ACTION INSTEAD OF WORDS. FEW PEOPLE SURVIVE THEIR ANSWERS.



MILLIE PRIDE WAS THE NEXT PERSON TO BE SOUGHT OUT BY THE VENGEFUL WITCH...

HELLO! I BROUGHT THIS MILK FOR ME BUT I'LL SHARE IT WITH YOU IF I CAN FIND A SAUCER! HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE WITH ALL THE WINDOWS LOCKED?



IT'S EASY FOR ME, LITTLE MOMMA! NOW JAOL WON'T BE COMING TO SEE YOU ANYMORE, BUT DON'T YOU WORRY, 'CAUSE YOU WON'T BE IN ANY CONDITION TO RECEIVE ANYBODY!



PLEASE, ZELDA, PLEASE! WE TRULY LOVE EACH OTHER, JAOL AND ME. DON'T KILL ME! PLEASE DON'T!

I WON'T KILL, BUT KNEELING THERE LIKE AN INSECT GIVES ME AN IDEA. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A PRAYING...



IN A DESERTED SECTION OF THE VILLAGE, A BIZZARE CULT BEGAN ITS NOCTURNAL MASS...



DO NOT CONCERN YOURSELVES SISTERS, I HAVE SUCCEEDED! TONIGHT WE SEPARATE AND BEGIN OUR MISSION OF INFILTRATION. WE SHALL EACH START OUR OWN COVEN AND GATHER RECRUITS UNTIL...



JAOL! BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE...



RATS! ALL OF YOU ARE RATS! RATS AND COWARDS! GOOD WITCHES NEVER GET CAUGHT! JAOL SHALL ESCAPE HIS FATE HERE! HE WILL BE THE ONLY ONE, BUT HE WILL NEVER KNOW PEACE UNTIL I DELIVER HIM TO HIS DEATH!

RATS!!!

OH GOD!

SOMEDAY I WILL COME FOR YOU! YOURS WILL BE A **SPECIAL FATE!**

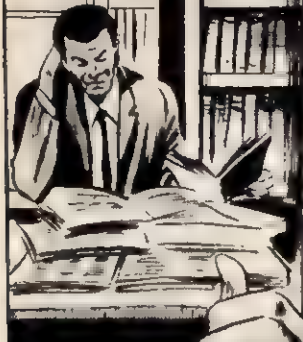


JAOL RAN FOR A LONG TIME UNTIL HUMILIATION CAUGHT UP WITH HIM. HIS HEART HARDENED AND TIGHTENED WITH FURY. A HUGE BURST OF ANGER ROSE WITHIN HIM AND BURST FROM HIS LIPS IN THE FORM OF A VOW.

WITCH! YOU HAVE GIVEN ME THE COURAGE OF MAN LIVING ON BORROWED TIME! IF I AM WILLING TO **GIVE** MY LIFE, IT CAN NEVER BE **TAKEN** FROM ME. HEAR ME! I WILL DESTROY YOU OR BE DESTROYED!!



QUIET PLEASE



HE COMES HERE EVERY DAY... ALWAYS READS BOOKS ON THE SAME SUBJECTS! WITCHCRAFT, SATANISM AND MAGIC!



MADAME LEVIA HAD BROUGHT BACK DECEASED RELATIVES FOR MANY OF HER WEALTHY PATRONS. TONIGHT, SHE WAS TO MEET HER MOST DANGEROUS CHALLENGER... JAOL JONES!

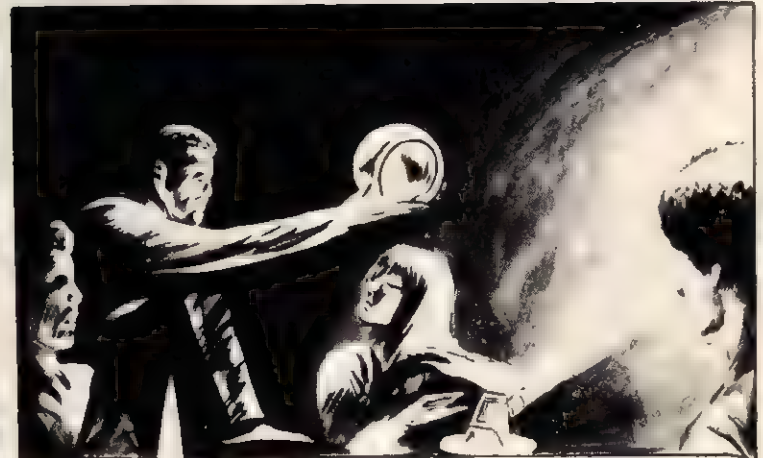


SEARCH THE WORLD OF THE LIVING, O WANDERING SPIRITS AND FIND ZELDA, THE JAMAICAN WITCH! HER NEMESIS IS AMONG US!

I AM HERE TO TAKE THE LIFE OF MY PURSUER!



I DOUBT THAT ZELDA... AT LEAST NOT TONIGHT!



THIS ZELDA IS ONLY AN IMAGE... PLAYED ONTO A CLOUD OF ODORLESS GAS JUST ABOVE OUR HEADS! YOU'RE A PHONEY, MADAME LEVIA, AND FOR YOUR SAKE I HOPE THE *REAL* ZELDA NEVER FINDS OUT ABOUT YOU! GENUINE WITCHES AREN'T MERCIFUL WITH IMITATORS!

A GIFT AWAITED JAOL AS HE RETURNED TO HIS APARTMENT...



LESSEE, THAT MAKES THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CURSE OF DEATH BY VODOO DOLL! I'M GOING TO OPEN A COMPANY AND SELL JAOL DOLLS! I HAVE ENOUGH OF THEM!

FOR SIX YEARS, JAOL JONES HAD BEEN THE TERROR OF ALL WITCHES, BUT DESPITE HIS RELENTLESS WAR ON WITCHCRAFT, THE WITCH HUNTER HAS NEVER CONFRONTED ZELDA A SECOND TIME.



IT'S A LATE HOUR FOR CALLERS!



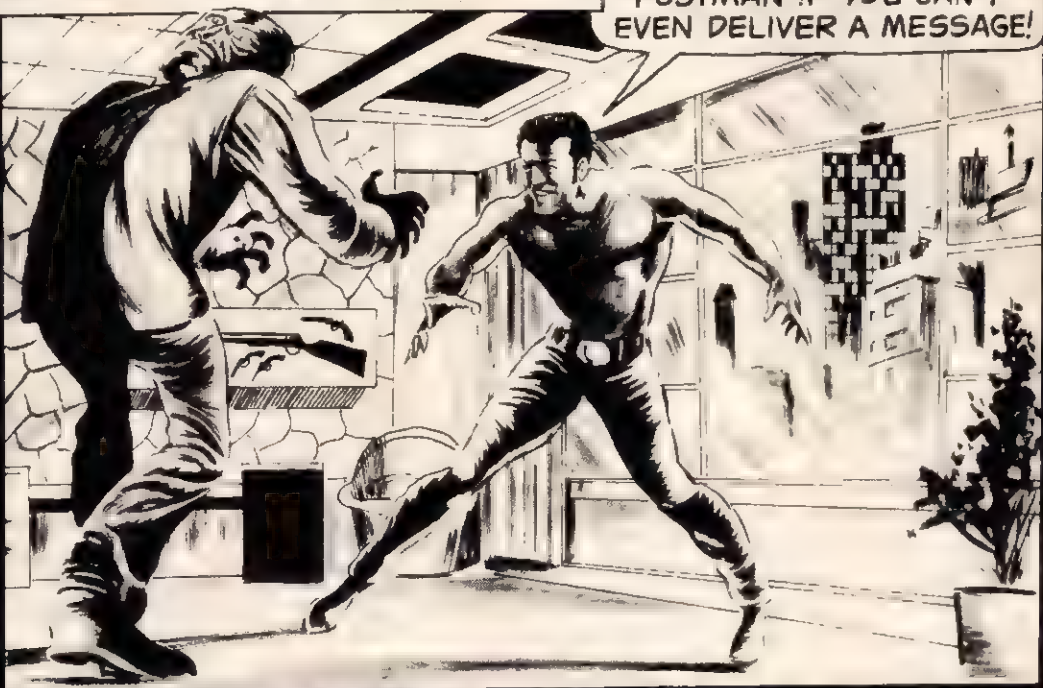
MR. JONES? I HAVE A MESSAGE FOR YOU FROM ZELDA!

WHAT IS IT?

GOOD LORD!
A
DINJI!

THE DOOMED SPIRIT OF A MAN LONG
DEAD, CURSED TO STALK BLINDLY THROUGH
THIS LIFE, MOVED FORWARD, FOLLOWING
THE SOUND OF JAOL'S VOICE...

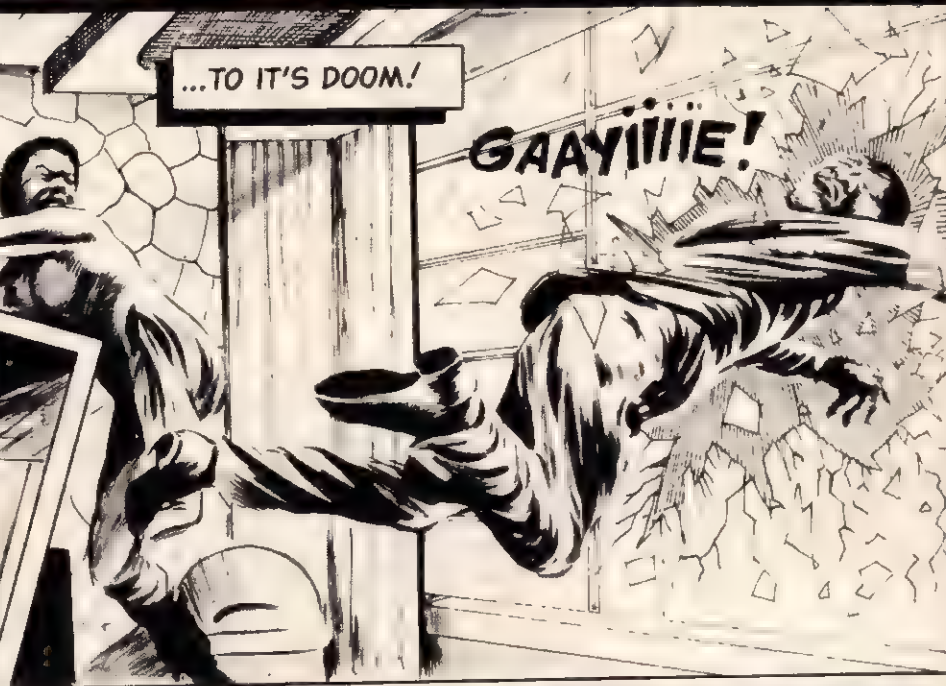
OVER HERE, DINJI! YOU'RE
NOT A VERY EFFICIENT
POSTMAN IF YOU CAN'T
EVEN DELIVER A MESSAGE!



...TO IT'S DOOM!

GAAYIIIE!

I GUESS YOU
WON'T BE GETTING
ME TONIGHT, ZELDA!



SO, ZELDA...
PERHAPS IT'S TO BE
TONIGHT AFTER
ALL!

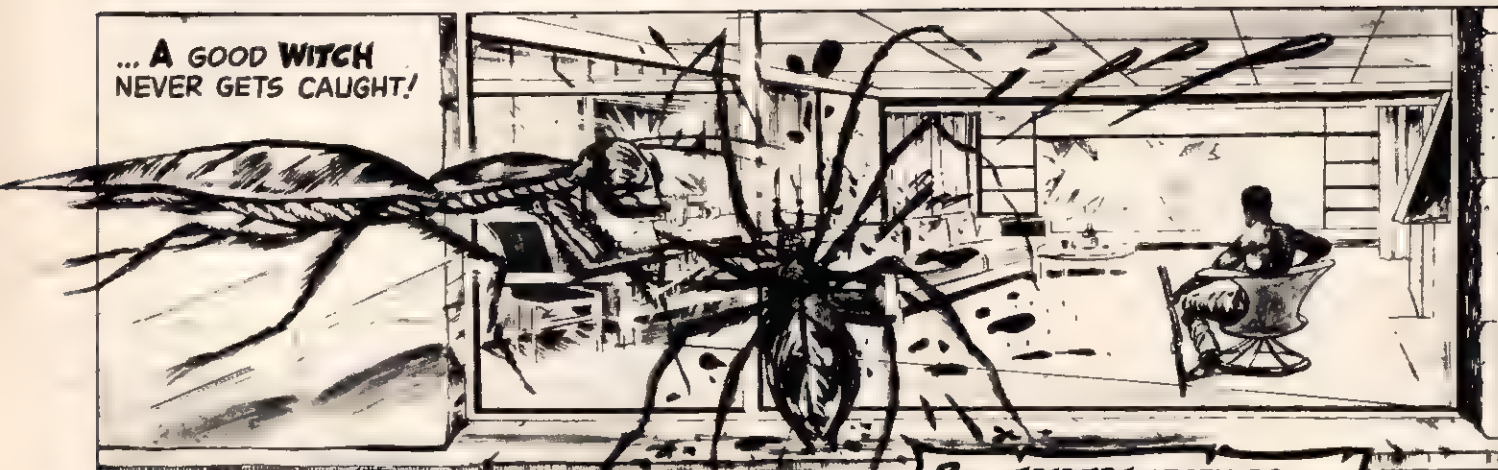




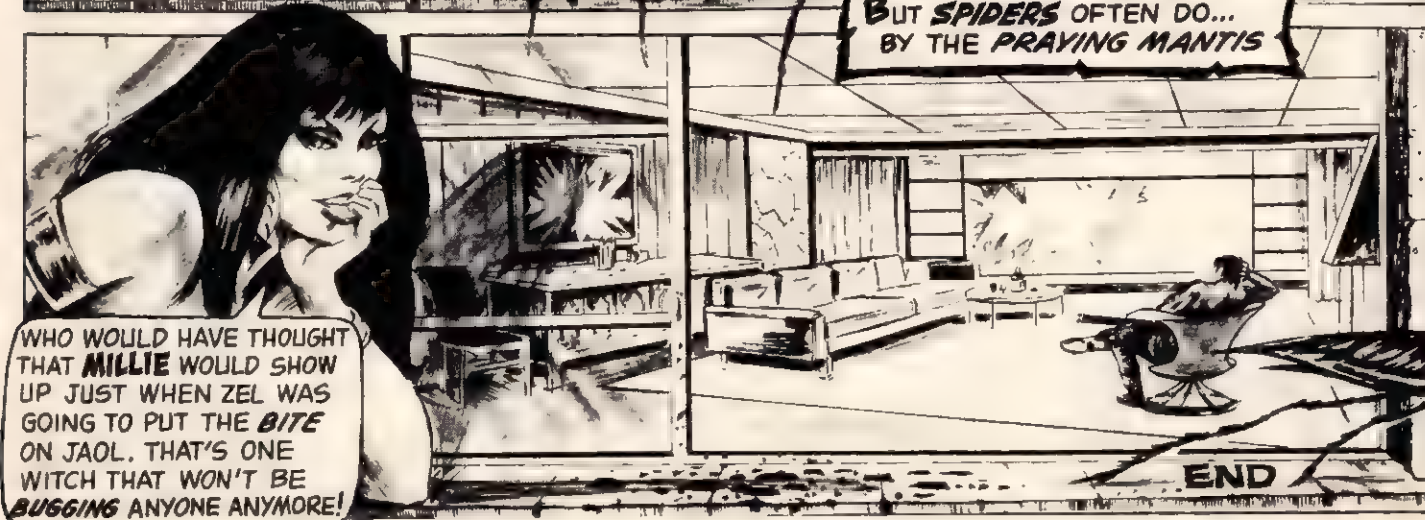
SHOTGUNS WERE MADE TO DOWN BIG BEASTS, BUT SMALL ONES, SUCH AS THE POISONOUS BLACK WIDOW SPIDER, ARE *IMMUNE* TO THIS DEVICE AND THAT WAS WHY ZELDA CHOSE THIS FORM. HOWEVER JAOL WAS RIGHT. THE YEARS OF PURSUIT HAD WEAKENED THE CLEVER WITCH'S SENSES, BECAUSE...



... **A GOOD WITCH** NEVER GETS CAUGHT!



BUT SPIDERS OFTEN DO...
BY THE **PRAYING MANTIS**



WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT **MILLIE** WOULD SHOW UP JUST WHEN ZEL WAS GOING TO PUT THE **BITE** ON JAOL. THAT'S ONE WITCH THAT WON'T BE **BUGGING** ANYONE ANYMORE!

END

EPILOGUE:

WHEW! THOSE GIRLS
CERTAINLY LED
WAY OUT LIVES!

I KNOW THAT WITCHCRAFT
HAS THE POWER TO CORRUPT
BUT THAT'S PURE WIPE-OUT!

THEY SAY THAT A FIRST
ORDER WITCH MAY BE
DEFEATED BUT NEVER
DESTROYED...

... AND HER SOUL WILL LIVE
ON, WAITING TO TAKE FORM
WHEN WORD OF HER IS
SPOKEN, BUT I WON—

THERE'S THAT SOUND AGAIN!

*THUMP! *THUMP! *THUMP!

OUCH!

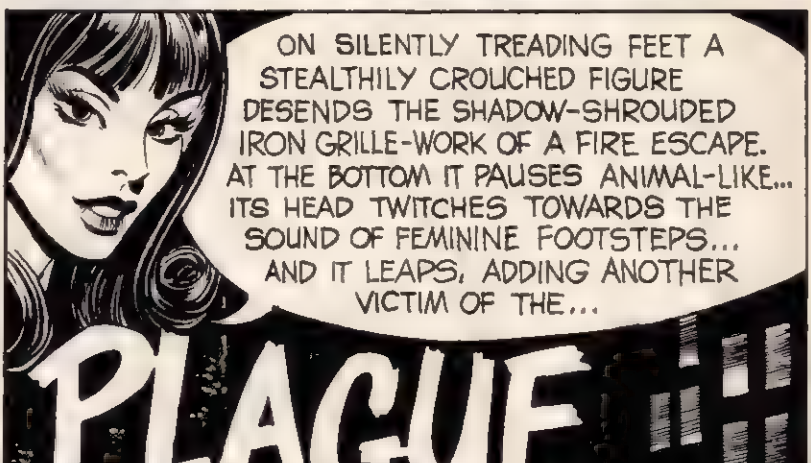
THAT'S
HOT
WAX!

*THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

AT LEAST THERE'S
NO DOUBT ABOUT THOSE
GIRLS BEING WITCHES
OF THE FIRST ORDER!

MY FIRST ORDER
RIGHT NOW, IS TO
GET AS FAR
AWAY FROM THEM
AS POSSIBLE!

SEE
YOU IN
THE
NEXT
TALE!



SENSATIONALISM HEADLINES THE MORNING'S FLOOD OF NEWSPAPERS, HERALDING THE PREVIOUS NIGHT'S MISDEED...



...A HEADLINE WHICH KEEPS PEOPLE TALKING THROUGHOUT THE DAY AND ON THE EVENING SUBWAY RIDE HOME...

JUST DREADFUL! THE SIXTH MURDER IN THREE MONTHS! I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS WORLD IS COMING TO. WHEN WILL THE POLICE CATCH THE MANIAC?

SAYS HERE THAT ALL THE MURDERS HAVE BEEN COMMITTED DURING THE FULL MOON. PSYCHIATRISTS BELIEVE THAT WHOEVER'S RESPONSIBLE MUST HAVE A SPLIT PERSONALITY WITH OVERTONES OF A LYCANTHROPIC PSYCHOSIS!



WITH OVERTONES OF WHAT?

YOU KNOW, WEREWOLF OR WOLFMAN OR WHAT EVER THEY CALL THEM. DON'T YOU REMEMBER THOSE HORRID MOVIES FROM YEARS AGO WHERE A MAN CHANGES INTO A WOLF UNDER THE FULL MOON? WELL, IT SEEMS THIS MURDERER IS A LUNATIC WHO REALLY THINKS HE IS A WOLFMAN!

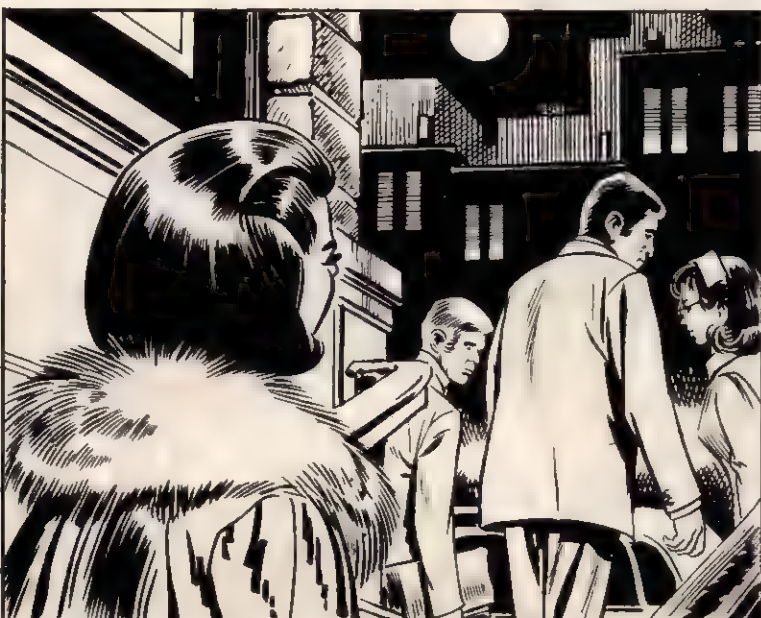


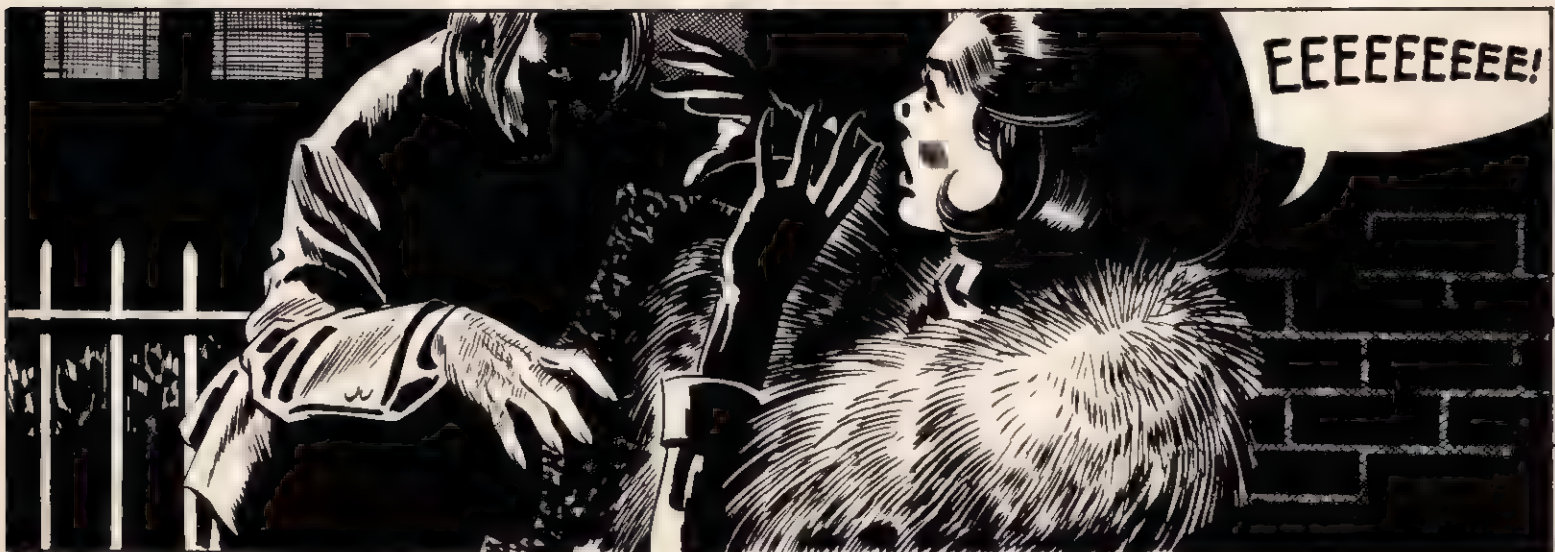
THE CITY ISN'T EVEN SAFE ANY MORE WITH NUTS LIKE THAT RUNNING AROUND LOOSE! AND IT GETS DARK SO EARLY NOW. I'M AFRAID TO WALK HOME FROM THE SUBWAY.

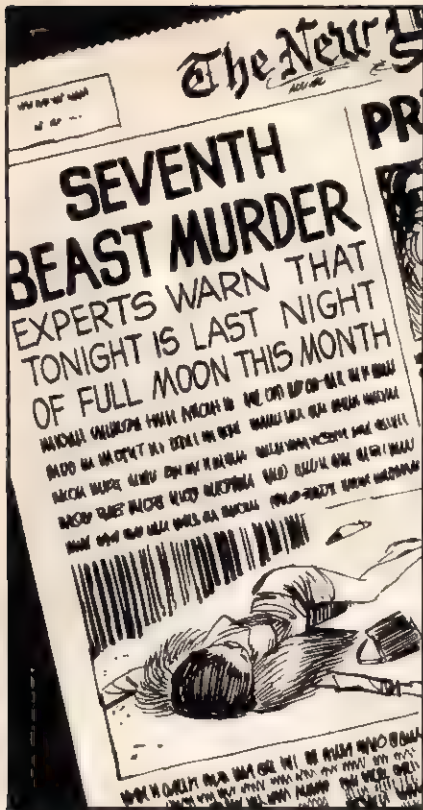
I KNOW JUST WHAT YOU MEAN, DEAR. BUT I WOULDN'T WORRY. NONE OF THE MURDERS HAVE TAKEN PLACE NEAR OUR NEIGHBORHOODS. WELL, THIS IS MY STOP. GOOD NIGHT.



GOOD NIGHT. HURRY HOME NOW!







HELLO? OH, IT'S YOU, JEAN. TONIGHT? NO! JEAN, NOT TONIGHT! YOU'VE GOT TO STAY AWAY FROM ME TONIGHT OF ALL NIGHTS!



WHY JIM, WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHAT'S WRONG WITH TONIGHT?



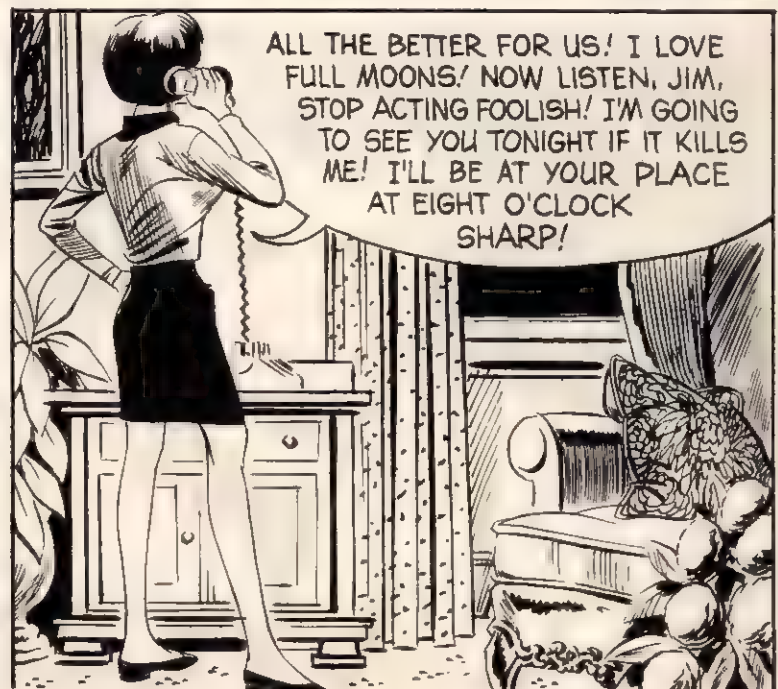
YOU **MUST** LISTEN TO ME, JEAN! DO NOT COME ANYWHERE NEAR ME TONIGHT! SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO ME AND SOMETHING AWFUL IS GOING TO HAPPEN TONIGHT! YOU'LL BE IN TERRIBLE **DANGER** IF YOU COME NEAR ME!



DON'T BE SILLY, JIM. I'VE BEEN WAITING TO SEE YOU FOR A LONG TIME AND NOW I'M CERTAIN THAT TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT!



NOT TONIGHT! YOU MUSTN'T! THERE'S STILL A FULL MOON TONIGHT...



ALL THE BETTER FOR US! I LOVE FULL MOONS! NOW LISTEN, JIM, STOP ACTING FOOLISH! I'M GOING TO SEE YOU TONIGHT IF IT KILLS ME! I'LL BE AT YOUR PLACE AT EIGHT O'CLOCK SHARP!







WHAT AM I DOING
HERE? I'VE GOT TO
GET AWAY FROM
JEAN. SHE COULD
GET **KILLED!** I'VE
GOT TO GO SOME-
WHERE AND LOCK
MYSELF AWAY...
SO NOTHING
WILL HAPPEN!

**TICK-
TICK!**

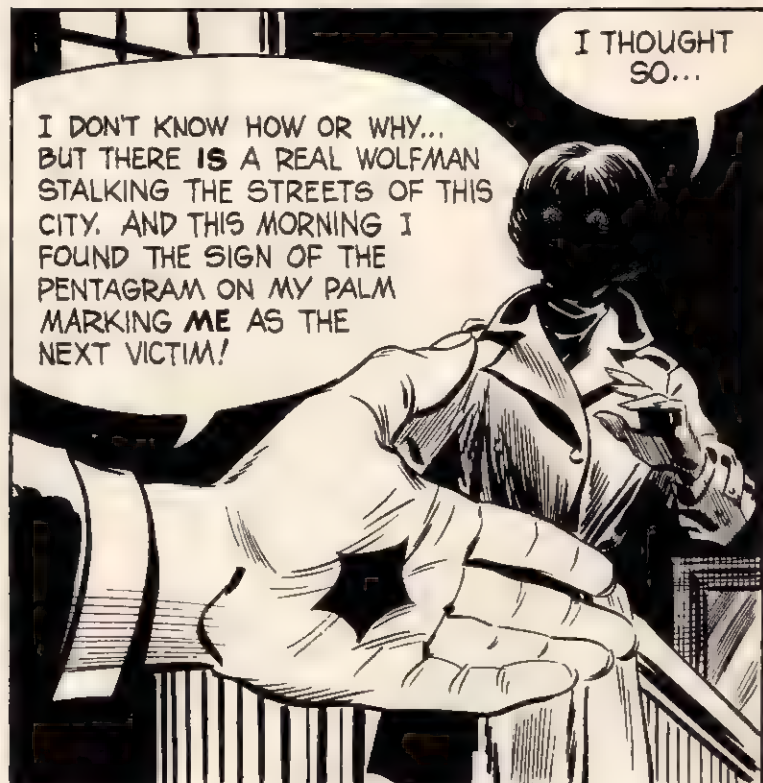


TICK-TICK! 7:55 ... TICK-TICK!....



JEAN! YOU'VE GOT TO
GET AWAY! SOMETHING
TERRIBLE IS GOING TO
HAPPEN TO ME! I
DON'T WANT YOU
TO BE HURT!

WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?



I THOUGHT
SO...

I DON'T KNOW HOW OR WHY...
BUT THERE **IS** A REAL WOLFMAN
STALKING THE STREETS OF THIS
CITY. AND THIS MORNING I
FOUND THE SIGN OF THE
PENTAGRAM ON MY PALM
MARKING **ME** AS THE
NEXT VICTIM!



I JUST WANTED TO
MAKE SURE!

AARRAAARRR!

NO, NOT YOU...
ARRRGGHHH!

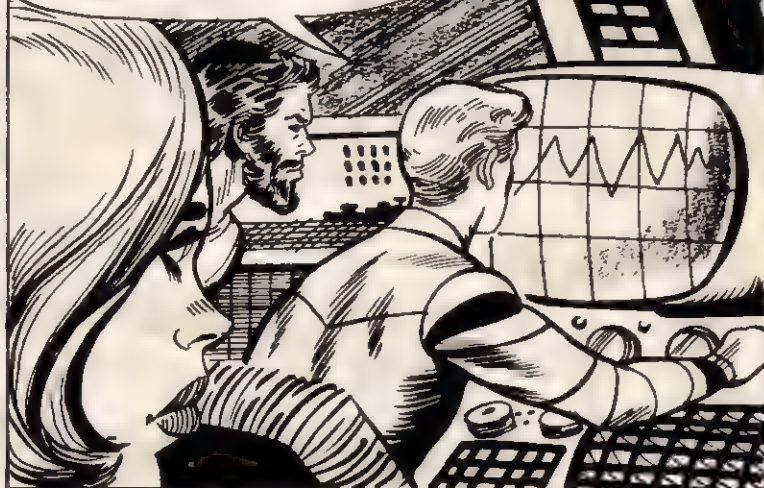


WELL, WELL, YOU CAN'T
TELL THE BOYS FROM
THE GIRLS NOWADAYS
WITH ALL THAT HAIR,
CAN YOU? THAT FULL
MOON SURE BROUGHT
OUT THE **BEAST** IN
JEAN, DIDN'T IT?
HOPE SHE DOESN'T
WOLF DOWN
HER FOOD.

Prologue: A SCOUT SHIP FROM EARTH, FAR OFF COURSE, SETS DOWN ON AN UNKNOWN PLANET...



ENVIRONMENT ANALYSIS READS **GREAT!** ATMOSPHERE'S ALMOST LIKE EARTH'S! WE'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE MAKING OUR REPAIRS AND GETTING OFF AGAIN! WON'T EVEN NEED HELMETS!



O.K. PAUL...RUN A CHECK THROUGH DAMAGE CONTROL! I'LL TAKE A LOOK OUTSIDE AT WHAT THE COLLISION DID TO OUR TAIL FIN!



YOU...YOU **WILL** BE CAREFUL, WON'T YOU DARLING?

OF COURSE, NAN DEAR!... THOUGH THE COMPUTER SAYS I'VE NOTHING TO FEAR OUTSIDE!



DON'T WORRY, NAN! WE'LL KEEP YOUR HUSBAND ON THE TELEVISOR SCREEN THE ENTIRE TIME HE'S OUT OF THE SHIP!

I KNOW I'M A WORRY WART, KATJA....BUT I LOVE HIM SO!

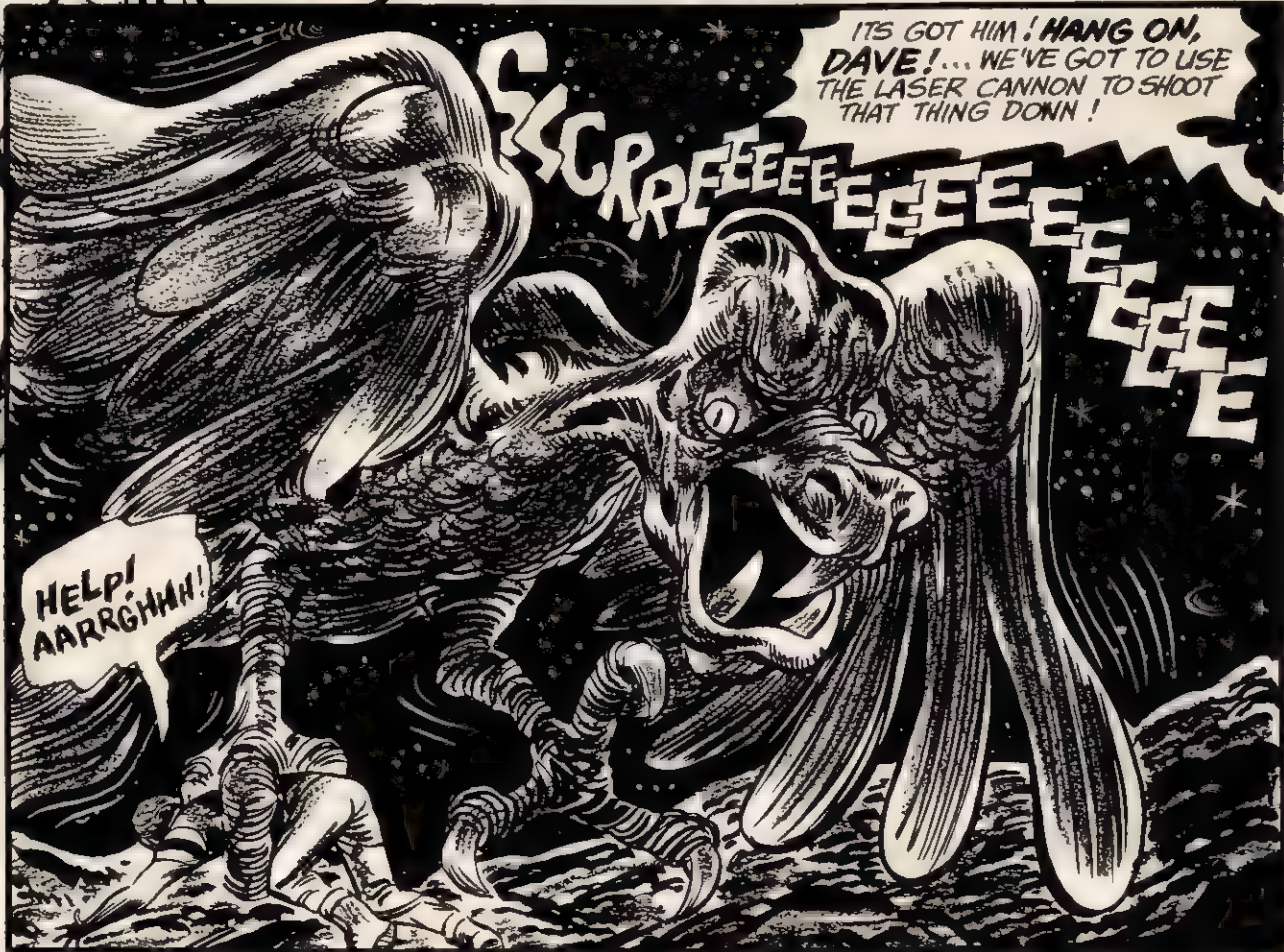


GOOD LORD! WHAT'S **THAT** THING? DAVE! LOOK OUT! **NO! NO! NO!**



O.K., ASTRONUTS! ... HERE'S AN OTHER-WORLD-WEIRDY
TO QUIZ YOUR QUAKE-QUOTIENT! DO YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES
TO PASS THIS ...

TERRORED TEST!



WE NAILED THAT MONSTER,
BUT....

DAVE! WHAT
ABOUT DAVE..?!

OH.....

DARLING, DARLING!
OH, MY GOD...!

EASY, NAN!
WE'RE ALMOST
TO HIM!

IS...IS HE...
IS HE...
DEAD?

HE'S ALIVE! BUT BADLY HURT!
IT'LL TAKE ALL THE SHIP'S MEDICAL
EQUIPMENT TO PULL HIM THROUGH!
LET'S GET HIM BACK!

THAT'S ALL WE
CAN DO FOR NOW,
NAN! TIME WILL
TELL THE
TALE!

WHY DIDN'T THAT THING SHOW
UP ON OUR RADAR WARNING
SYSTEM? THERE'S SOMETHING
PECULIAR ABOUT ALL OUR
READINGS SINCE WE LANDED
ON THIS PLANET!

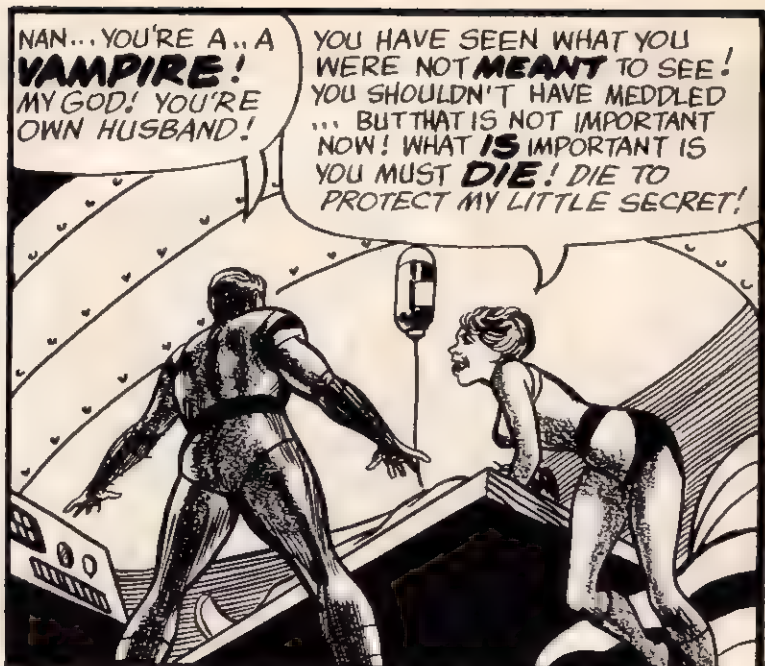
...BUT TIME FOR THAT
LATER! RIGHT NOW,
WE'VE BEEN AWAKE
OVER 30 EARTH HOURS
SINCE THAT METEOR
SHOWER CLOBBERED US!

YOU GIRLS GET SOME
SLEEP! I'LL TAKE THE
WATCH!... WE'VE GOT TO
BE FRESH IF WE'RE TO
GET OUT OF HERE!

HMMM... THE GIRLS HAVE BEEN ASLEEP
FIVE HOURS NOW... I HOPE NAN WAS
ABLE TO GET SOME REST! SHE
NEEDS IT, POOR KID.... WH...WHAT'S
THAT WEIRD SHADOW?



NAN! WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?
DAVE IS
**GOOD
LORD!**



NAN... YOU'RE A... A
VAMPIRE!
MY GOD! YOU'RE
OWN HUSBAND!

YOU HAVE SEEN WHAT YOU
WERE NOT **MEANT** TO SEE!
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE MEDDLED
... BUT THAT IS NOT IMPORTANT
NOW! WHAT **IS** IMPORTANT IS
YOU MUST **DIE!** DIE TO
PROTECT MY LITTLE SECRET!



COME HERE, PAUL...
YOU **CANNOT** REFUSE
THE WILL OF THE
UNDEAD!
COME HERE AND...
OOOOOE!

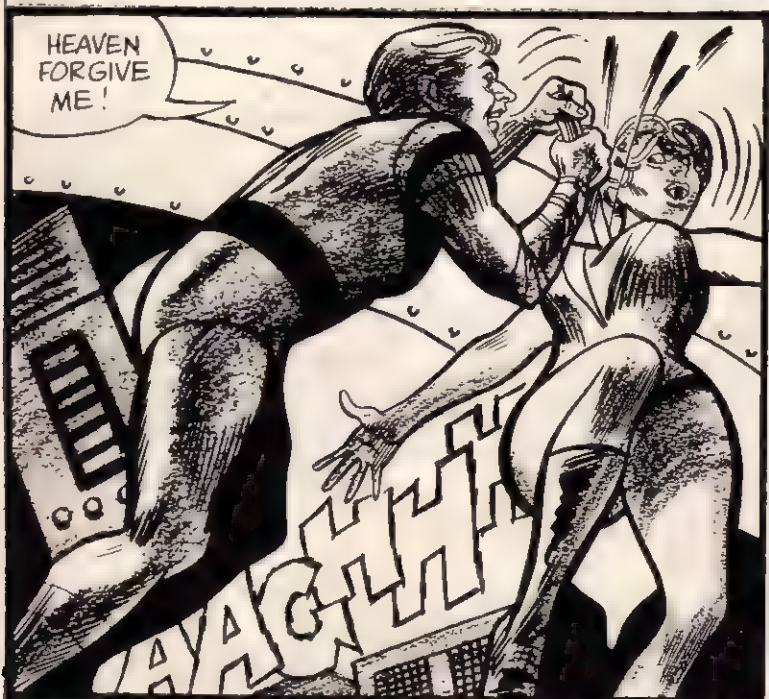
I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS
.... BUT I **MUST** STOP YOU!

KRAK



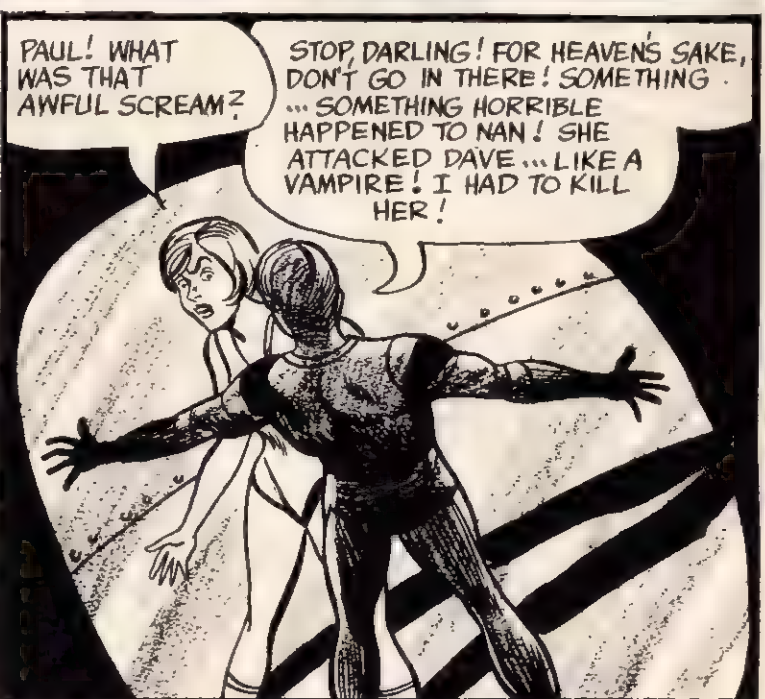
I REMEMBER THE OLD LEGENDS!
ONE WAY TO STOP A VAMPIRE....
THIS SHARP EDGED PIECE OUGHT
TO DO THE TRICK!!

SNAP



HEAVEN
FORGIVE
ME!

WACH



PAUL! WHAT
WAS THAT
AWFUL SCREAM?

STOP, DARLING! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE,
DON'T GO IN THERE! SOMETHING
... SOMETHING HORRIBLE
HAPPENED TO NAN! SHE
ATTACKED DAVE ... LIKE A
VAMPIRE! I HAD TO KILL
HER!

PAUL! FIRST THAT MONSTER ATTACKS DAVE, NOW **THIS!** LIKE SOME MONSTROUS FORCE ...OR FATE...PREYING ON US ONE BY ONE. I CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE... I CAN'T...

STEADY! STEADY, DARLING! DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD, OR WE'RE SURELY LOST! THIS PLANET... SOMETHING ABOUT IT! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE OUR REPAIRS AND GET OFF IT AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE!

NO! NOT NOW! DON'T GO OUT NOW! I'LL BE ALONE!

YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT... JUST STAY INSIDE AND LOCK THE AIRLOCK AFTER ME! THEN YOU'LL BE SAFE! YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU AND WOULDN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES WHERE YOU'RE CONCERNED.

GOOD NEWS, KATJA! THE DAMAGE WASN'T AS BAD AS I THOUGHT! JUST A MINOR REPAIR! I'M COMING IN... OPEN THE AIRLOCK AS SOON AS...

EEEEEE! PAUL!
OH MY LORD, **HELP ME!** IT'S DAVE! HE'S DEAD...BUT HE'S ALIVE! COMING AT ME! **HELP ME, PAUL!**



HANG ON! HANG ON!
KATJA, I'M COMING!!

GOOD LORD!
THE AIRLOCK! I'LL HAVE TO BLAST MY WAY BACK IN... WILL I BE IN TIME?

W-WHAT...?
THE AIRLOCKS NOT LOCKED!
DID KATJA DISOBEY MY ORDER... OR...?

KATJA! I'M COMING! WHERE ARE YOU?



I MEAN THAT I HAD TO GET YOU
BACK HERE BEFORE YOU COULD
COMPLETE FINAL REPAIRS! YOU SEE...

AT LEAST,
NO **LIVING**
HUMAN.....
COME HERE,
PAUL DARLING!

YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, PAUL!
YOU'RE IN SPACE CENTER,
ON EARTH, SAFE AND
SOUND!

EARTH? BUT HOW?
WE WERE LOST, AND
PUT DOWN ON A WEIRD
PLANET... AND THEN
...MONSTER GOT DAVE
...AND NAN BECAME
...AND KATJA... MY
POOR KATJA!

EASY, PAUL! YOU SHOULDN'T TRY TO
GET UP... NONE OF THOSE THINGS
REALLY HAPPENED! WE'VE PLAYED
A RATHER NASTY TRICK ON YOU, I'M
AFRAID! THROUGH DRUGS AND HYPNOSIS,
WE'VE MADE YOU **IMAGINE** IT ALL...
YOU NEVER LEFT THIS BED!

NEVER LEFT!?!
BUT DAVE... NAN...
KATJA...?!

ALL OF THEM PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT!
YOU NEVER WENT ANYWHERE TO-
GETHER! **WE** INDUCED ALL THOSE
DREAM-HALLUCINATIONS!

YOU SEE, PAUL, YOU'VE BEEN SELECTED
FROM AMONG ALL THE OTHER ASTRONAUTS
TO PILOT THE FIRST **STAR-SHIP** TO
ALPHA-CENTAURI. WE CAN NOW TELL YOU
THAT FACT! BUT YOU'LL BE ALL ALONE,
FARTHER FROM EARTH THAN MAN HAS EVER
GONE, FOR MANY YEARS! WE **HAD** TO TEST
YOUR REACTIONS TO **EXTREME**
STRESS WITHOUT
REALLY PUTTING
YOU IN DANGER!

AND YOU **PASSED**
THE TEST WITH
FLYING COLORS!
YOUR REACTIONS
WERE LOGICAL
AND PROPER!

BUT WE **HAD**
TO BE SURE!...
ER... YOU **DO**
UNDERSTAND,
DON'T YOU?

UNDERSTAND? UNDERSTAND?
OF COURSE I UNDERSTAND! IT
WAS A **TEST!** JUST LIKE BEING
ABLE TO TAKE A **JOKE!** WELL,
THE **JOKE'S ON ME!**
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

I CAN TAKE A JOKE! **HA! HA!** NOW
I'M GOING TO SEE IF **YOU** CAN TAKE
A **JOKE!** I'M GOING TO TEST **YOU**
FOR A LITTLE STRESS AND TENSION!
HEE HEE! HA HA HO!

NO! NO!
PAUL!
CONTROL YOUR-
SELF! IT WAS
OUR **JOB!**
WE **HAD** TO!
DON'T!!

WHAT'S WRONG? I STOOD
THE **TEST...** CAN'T **YOU?**
CAN'T YOU...?
HAHAHAHAHA!

STOP! YOU'RE MAD!
DON'T DO IT!! **NO!**
NO!
EEEEAAARGH!

FIRE ONLY

HMMM! METZ AND KERN'S GOT MORE **RESULTS**
THAN THEY BARGAINED FOR... I HATE TO THINK
WHAT WOULD'VE HAPPENED IF PAUL HAD
FLUNKED! OH, WELL, LET'S **HACK**
ON TO THE NEXT
AX-CITING YARN...

END

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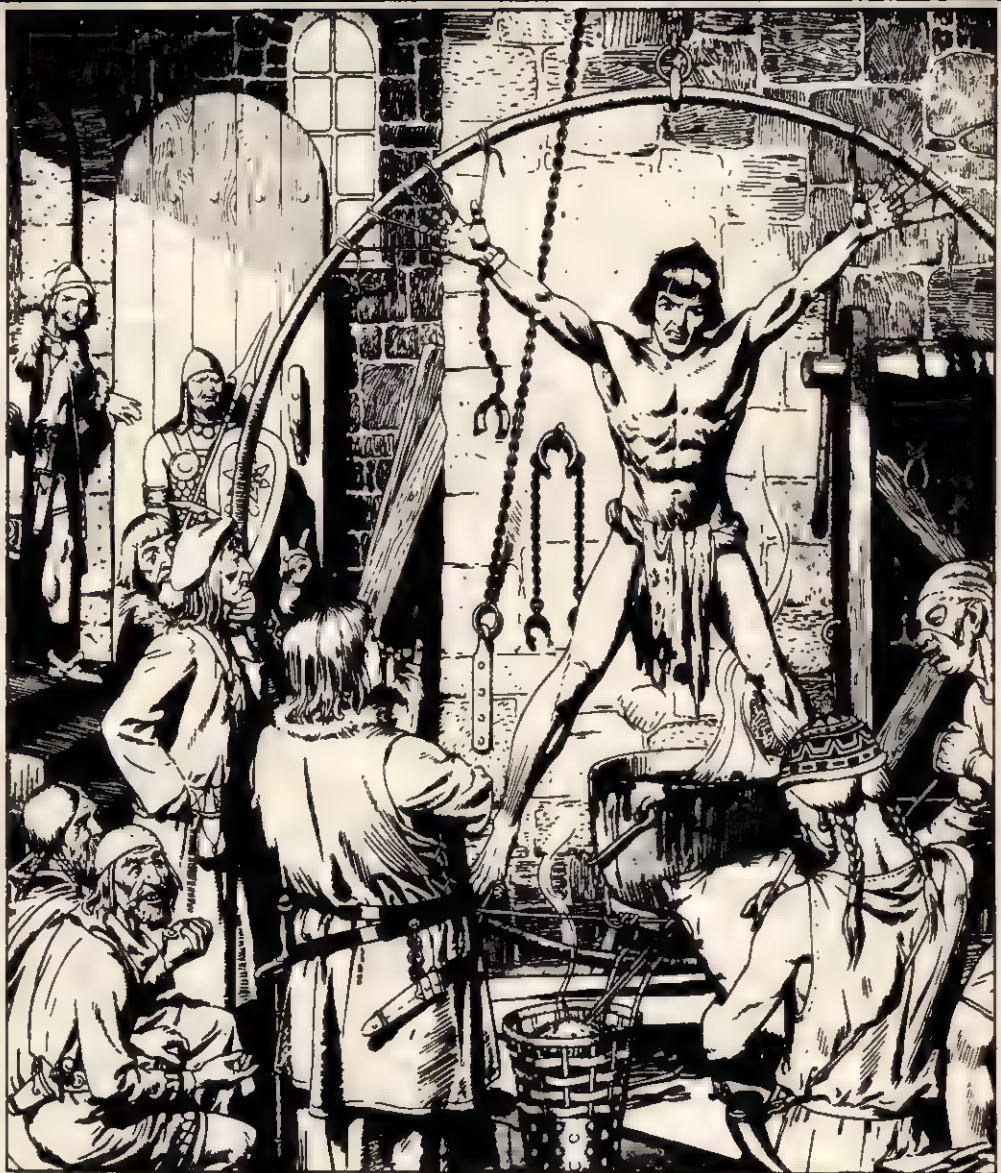
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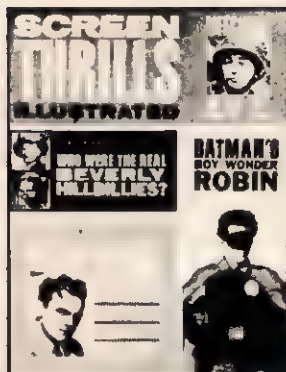
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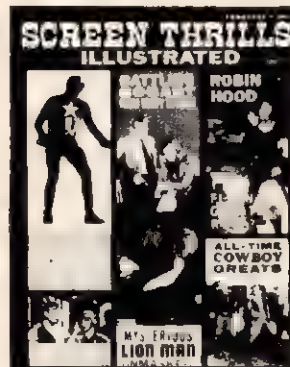
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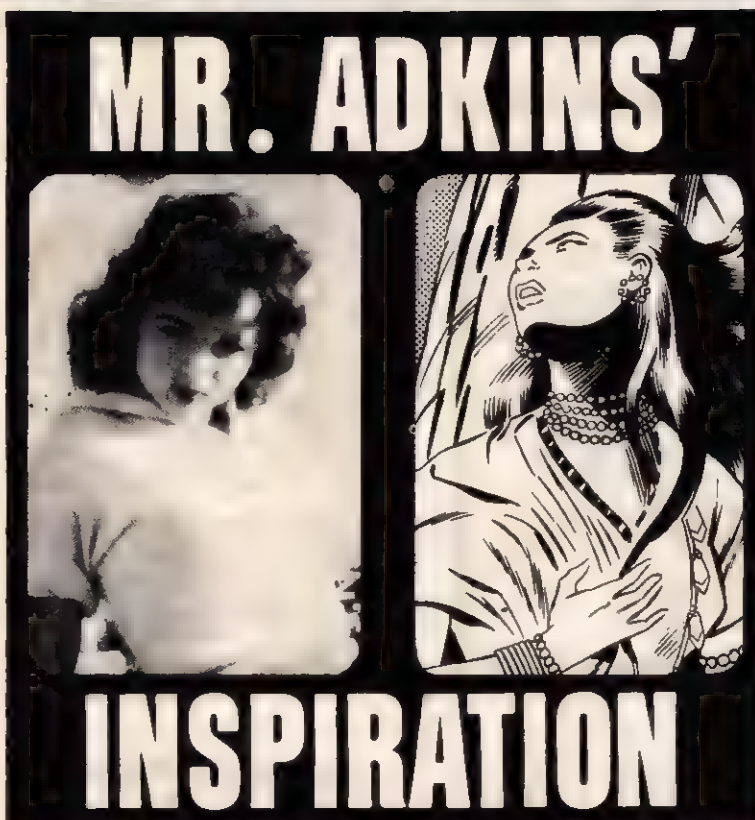


DANGEROUS DAN ADKINS OUR DEMON DRAFTSMAN

I didn't begin school until I was eight years old. That was because I wasn't old enough to walk the three miles to get there until then. And when the creek flooded over in the spring, I usually didn't get there at all.

But when I did go to school, I spent most of the time drawing. It all started with pictures on the blackboard in first grade and continued right on through high school. In those later years, I was art editor of the school paper and the yearbook.

After high school, I joined the Air Force and kept right on drawing. I had joined the Air Force to avoid the draft, so they decided I was just the guy to do draughting for them. I also did artwork for Special Services. It wasn't too bad, the entire hitch took me to two lovely bases: Phoenix and Reno. The people were great, too. It was



during this time I met Bill Pearson, who is now Publisher/Editor of WITZEND Magazine. At about the same time I met my wife, Janette.

It's tough to say who had a greater influence on my career. Jeanette had been encouraging me for the ten years we've been married. And for a long time before that. Bill and I took off for New York together after the service and we worked together as delivery boys, film-

otype operators, varigraph operators, graphic artists and illustrators. We worked for a lot of advertising and art studios over the first five years we were in the city. And we helped each other stay alive when the going got tough.

I got tired of the studios finally and went to work as Wally Wood's assistant for about a year and a half before taking off on my own in the comics.

My first job on my own was with EERIE and BLAZING COMBAT, although I had shared credit with Wally Wood in THUNDER AGENTS and DYNAMO before that.

My first magazine sales were made when I was just eighteen. I submitted my work, and sold it, to ART AND CAMERA, OTHER WORLDS, MONSTER PARADE, INFINITY, AMAZING, FANTASTIC, GALAXY and several others. Most of the work done in my spare time.

I've sold some of my paintings for science fiction magazine covers, too. And my paintings have also appeared on the covers of Warren Magazines. I've done paperback covers as well. And some advertising work — mostly for Woolworth's and Grand Union Stores.

A great deal of my comic book illustration work has been for Marvel Comics, where I've done Dr. Strange and Sub Mariner. I have also inked for just about every artist in the Marvel bullpen.

I enjoy listening to records and reading good books, as do most of the artists I know. And I enjoy spending time with Chris Adkins, the four-year-old who keeps Janette and me pretty busy.

But most of all, I enjoy talking art with some of the good friends I've made in this business. Guys like Jim Steranko and Gray Morrow. And the one who was there when nobody else knew I was there, Bill Pearson.

Dexter woke up with the morning heat. He quenched his thirst. He got up and left his shack. He surveyed the barren, cracked floor of the asteroid that was his prison.

"Only one more day and my time is up. One more day of twenty years! Tomorrow, the rocket will come, and I will go home. Free at last!

He had been imprisoned

here for twenty long years. Why? For the murder of his wife. He looked at the world, which he now hated. And he spit toward it. Then he walked inside his aluminum shack.

"I'll be on my way tomorrow night," he said. "Those rockets sure are fast. Think I'll watch a little interstellar

TV to see what's going on back home."

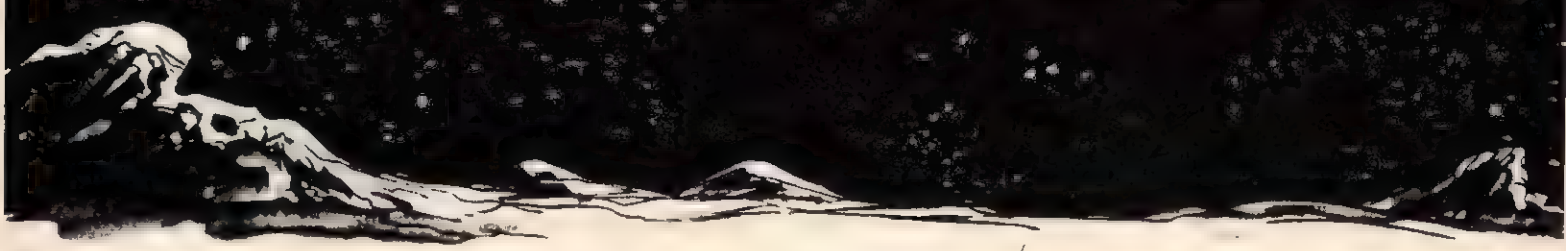
It whizzed on. "... and today," said the announcer, "peace talks continued, but the Chinese delegation still has not appeared."

As Dexter watched, suddenly the world blew up before him. The room was filled with light brighter than

the morning sun.

"The Chinese. They have blown up the world. They have destroyed themselves. They have destroyed everything! I'm condemned to spend the rest of my life on this rotten asteroid. Oh, no! NO!"

Dexter sank to the floor. At least he was alive. Or was he?



CLUBBED TO DEATH

TED DASEN of East Lansing, Mich., has written this little tale which seems appropriate since there was so much talk on the letters page about fan clubs and such.

THE WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON CLUB by Ted Dasen

In a room lively with chatter, one member of the Wednesday Afternoon Club sat still with a sensation that something malevolent was soon to confront her. Mary Jacobs' thoughts were cut short by the insistent rapping of the president's gavel.

"Order!" . . . "Order, please!" said the president with haughty superiority.

"All eight members are present today," snapped the recording secretary.

"Thank you," continued the president. "The Chairman of Entertainment will

for something sinister. But what?

The chairman slowly and deliberately unfolded her story. What was about to happen, she explained, would involve each and every soul in the room. And the master of these strange ceremonies would be no less a person than the great warlock himself . . . the Devil!

At this, the members began whispering among themselves. "Please be silent," said the chairman. "It may seem impossible to you, but with the help of your thought waves, we shall speak with Satan himself. . . . This very afternoon!"

With a slow gesture, Mr. Wilder said in his 78-year-old voice: "You are asking us to take part in a seance, which I think is utterly ridiculous."

"I think we can do without your opinions, Mr. Wilder," said stuffy old Mrs. Richmond.

the Wednesday Afternoon Club were inhaling the musty atmosphere of the damp cellar. Mrs. Jacobs was experiencing the nightmare of a lifetime.

"YAAAAAEEEEEEEE!" she screamed. Her cry pierced the darkness and reflected back onto the living. And the dead. Mrs. Jacobs now realized that she was in an unfamiliar land. She searched her thoughts for an answer.

Then it came to her. She was trapped in the Devil's lair. Hell itself.

It was then she saw him. Satan!

The god of hell was slowly approaching. He held a blazing pitchfork in his hand. She backed away. Cold sweat broke out on her forehead. Horror penetrated her deepest thoughts. She turned and

began to run. The tunnels seemed endless. The god of evil was never far behind.

Darkness. Total darkness. And a great feeling of emptiness. Mrs. Jacobs turned to confront the evil being trailing behind her. With a flick of his wrist, he sent the flaming pitchfork sailing toward her. Mrs. Jacobs turned to run. But she could not. It was then she screamed.

The shrieking entertainment chairman was screaming for God's forgiveness. Screaming about the blazing body sprawled before her . . . Mrs. Jacobs. As the pitchfork of flames stood solidly upright in the back of the grotesquely flaming body of the entertainment chairman, the five men and two women desperately tried to put dear Mrs. Jacobs out.



proceed with a report on our recent study of Sorcery."

The entertainment chairman rose with dignity, clearing her slim throat. "Thank you, Madame President. Today, ladies and gentlemen, we have an unusual surprise in store for you all. Without further talk, let us proceed to the basement."

With a sense of bewilderment, the six women and two men made their way to the old dark cellar. The musky dampness irritated their nostrils as they descended the dusty stairway. At the foot of the ancient stairs, the chairman of entertainment brought the small party to a halt.

"Before we proceed any further, let me explain why we are here," she said.

As the mystified group listened, the sale, musty smell became more pronounced. In the dim light, they could see a large ancient table in the center of the cavernous room. The table seemed to have designs engraved on it. Or was it just the pattern of undisturbed decades of dust? The stage seemed to be set

With taunts and with displeasure, the tiny group was bidden to be seated around the huge table. The chairman then bade them lock their hands together. The group did as they were told, and were huddling together, dwarfed by the massive table, their ancient hands locked.

A small melted-down candle cast tiny beams of light into the members' eyes. The chairman chanted phrases of evil, slowly hypnotizing their bewildered minds. An interval of silence passed. Then a shrieking cry was heard from Mrs. Jacobs' corner. The five men and two women sat and stared in disbelief as one of the club's dearest members was wracked with hysteria.

"Why did we do this?" screamed the frozen Mrs. Jacobs. "Why must we continue? Let me out of here!"

Mrs. Jacobs, the fifth member to join the club was now sprawled on the cold table as the other seven members watched in terror. Mrs. Jacobs was apparently unconscious.

As the seven members of



TOBY CAPUTI, a college student from Brooklyn and Frank Frazetta fan from 'way back, sent this drawing of Cousin Evily. It's time somebody turned her into a pussycat or something. I hadn't realized she looked this good to our readers!

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PROLOGUE: MY MEMORY IS OLD, BUT TIME IS OLDER!
 ALTHOUGH I REMEMBER MUCH, I HAVE
 FORGOTTEN MORE. OF MY BEGINNINGS I RECALL NOTHING.
 OF MY FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH THE ERECT APES THAT
 WOULD ONE DAY BECOME HUMANOID, I POSSESS ONLY
 THE THREADS OF A FABRIC ONCE INTRICATE IN DETAIL....

YET I KNEW THE HUMANOIDS IN THEIR
 PROTEAN YOUTH! AND I- A CREATURE
 WITHOUT SUBSTANCE, LESS THAN A
 SPECTRE... BECAME HUMANOID, AT
 THE EXPENSE OF ANOTHER....

-AND, AS THE
 HUMANOIDS
 GREW IN
 WISDOM-
 SO GREW I!
 I SAVORED
 ALL THEY
 DID AND
 COLLECTED
 MY AEONS
 OF EXPERIENCE

...AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN-I
 STOLE THE VEHICLES OF FLESH
 AND BONE THAT WOULD CARRY ME
 SAFELY DOWN THE AGES....

...KNOWING HIM BETTER THAN HE COULD EVER
 KNOW HIMSELF, I ROSE... BECAME MASTER
 OF THE HUMANOIDS!

MY ARMIES BROKE THE
 EARTH WITH THEIR
 TREAD. MY NAVIES NEVER
 LET THE SUN LOOK DOWN
 UPON A SEA I DID NOT
 OWN....

ERNIE

EVER BEEN ALONE? REALLY ALONE? FOR AN HOUR? A DAY... A WEEK... A THOUSAND YEARS, MAYBE? NO? WELL, THIS FELLA HAS! BUT WATCH COMPANY'S COMING COMING FROM DISTANT EARTH, COMING TO EXPOSE THIS UNCHARTED PLANET... COMING TO FIND-

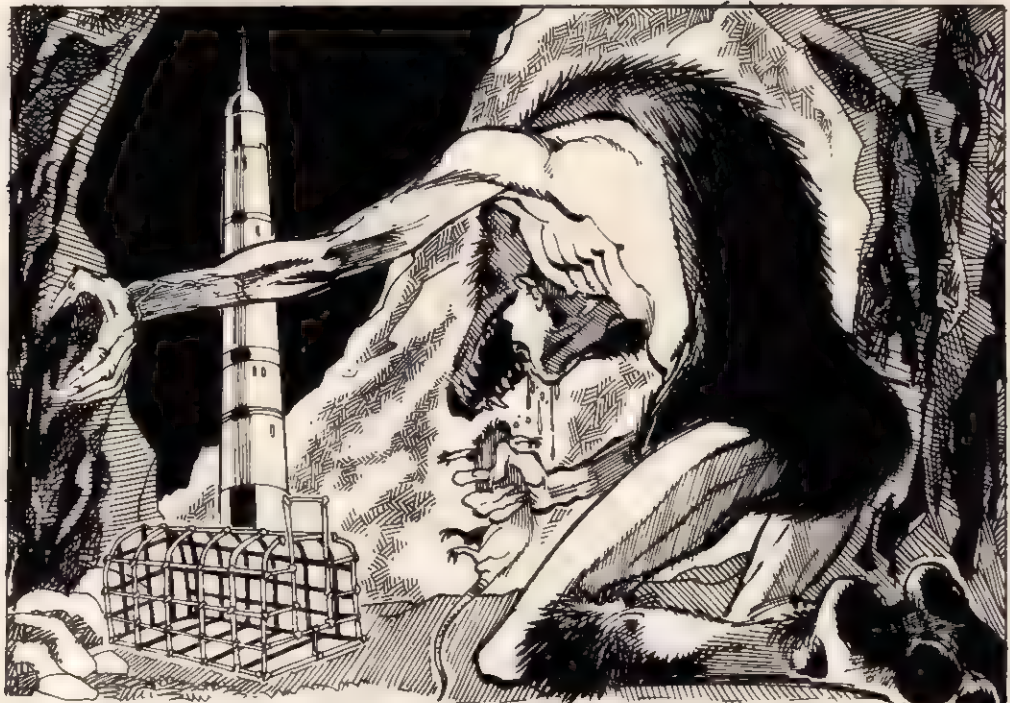
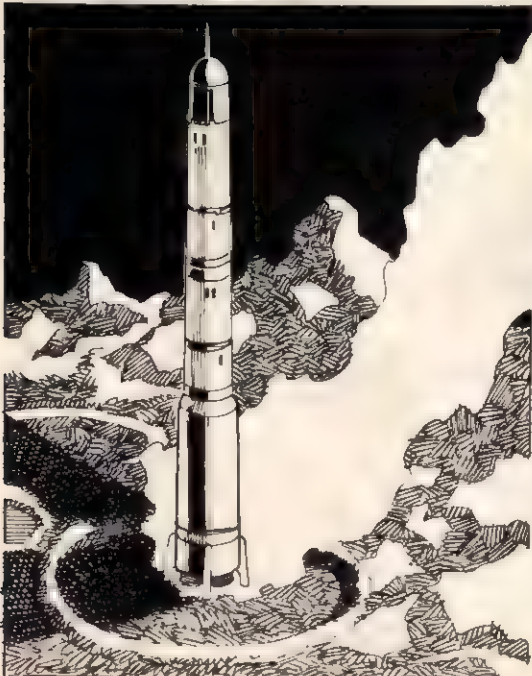


the Survivor

AT FIRST I WAS AFRAID... AFRAID BECAUSE THIS THING I SAW WAS BEYOND MY COMPREHENSION-BEYOND ALL REASON AND SANITY! I HID MYSELF, QUIVERING IN THE DEEP SHADOWS OF A RUINED TEMPLE AND WATCHED THE SILVER TOWER BACK DOWN THE SKY ON COLUMNS OF FIRE!



THEN THE TOWER WAS DOWN, RESTING UPON THE PAVEMENT OF THE ANCIENT PLAZA...QUIETING ITS THUNDER AND BANKING ITS GREAT FIRES!



FOR A DAY AND A NIGHT THERE WAS SILENCE! I FOUND A MURID IN ONE OF MY TRAPS. WITH A SKILL BORN OF LONG PRACTICE, I SNAPPED ITS NECK, ATE IT RAW...ALL THE WHILE WATCHING THE THING IN THE PLAZA



THEN, ANOTHER DAWN, AND....

THESE WERE **HUMANOIDS**. NOT LIKE THOSE I HAD KNOWN BEFORE THE ALL-DESTROYING PLAGUES, BUT CLOSE... FASCINATINGLY CLOSE...

SCOTT, WE'LL ERECT THE ORGANONS AND DATA INGESTORS HERE -

INCREDIBLE! ALL THESE RUINS - AND NOT A LIVING SOUL!



MY BLOOD RACED! HERE MIGHT BE MY CHANCE! NEW BODIES - NEW LIFE...



THAT'S ONE REASON WE'RE HERE, BELLA - TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE FORMER POPULATION!



IT DIDN'T MATTER THAT I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND THEIR LANGUAGE - THAT WOULD COME THE MOMENT I POSSESSED ONE OF THEIR **BODIES!**

HOW ABOUT A STROLL AMONG THE SCENIC WONDERS, BELLA?

NO THANKS, SCOTT - WE'VE WORK TO DO!



I HAD ONLY TO CHOOSE THE **STRONGEST**, THE MOST **AGGRESSIVE**....



DAMN THE WORK! THAT'S ALL YOU THINK OF!

-AND I NEEDN'T REMIND YOU OF WHAT YOUR THOUGHTS DWELL ON!

MEMORIES FLOODED BACK AS I FOLLOWED THE HUMANOIDS THROUGH THE DEAD RUINS OF MY ANCIENT CAPITOL.... MEMORIES OF **POWER-GLORY**....



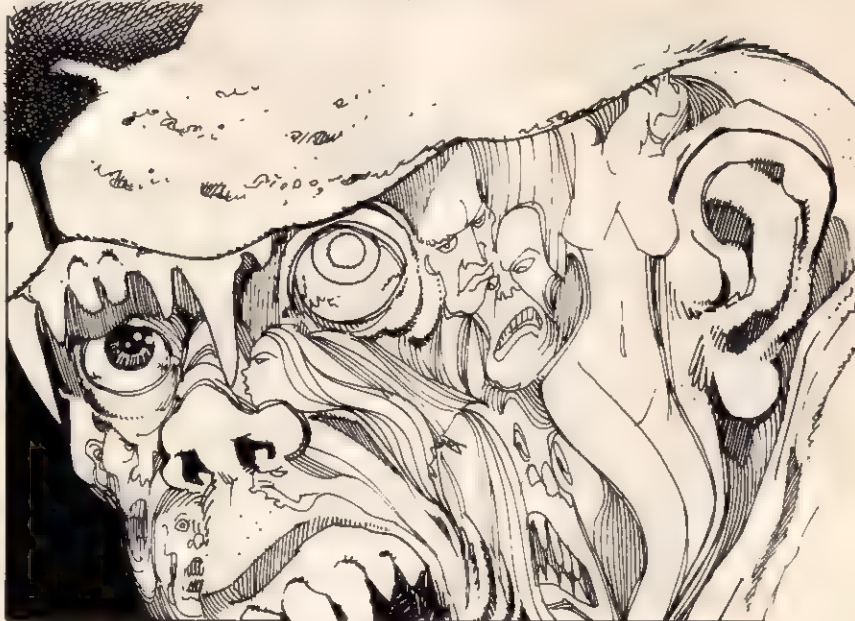
I MEAN IT, SCOTT - IF YOU MUST FOLLOW ME, KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF!

AH, COME ON, NOW BELLA - YOU'VE GOT ME **WRONG!**

THE FEMALE STRUCK ME AS RATHER GROTESQUE IN FEATURES, BUT THAT WOULD CHANGE ONCE I ASSIMILATED THE TASTES OF HER MALE COMPANION...



HOWEVER, NOW I WANTED THE MALE ALONE - LOST IN THE MAZE OF RUINS, WHERE ALL THE ADVANTAGES WOULD BE MINE....



BUT HOW TO GET HIM ALONE? IN THE END, HE PROVIDED THE SITUATION HIMSELF!



SCOTT, GET AWAY!

UM-MM!

GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU DEGENERATE BABOON!

EASY, DOLL! PUT THAT STINGER AWAY!

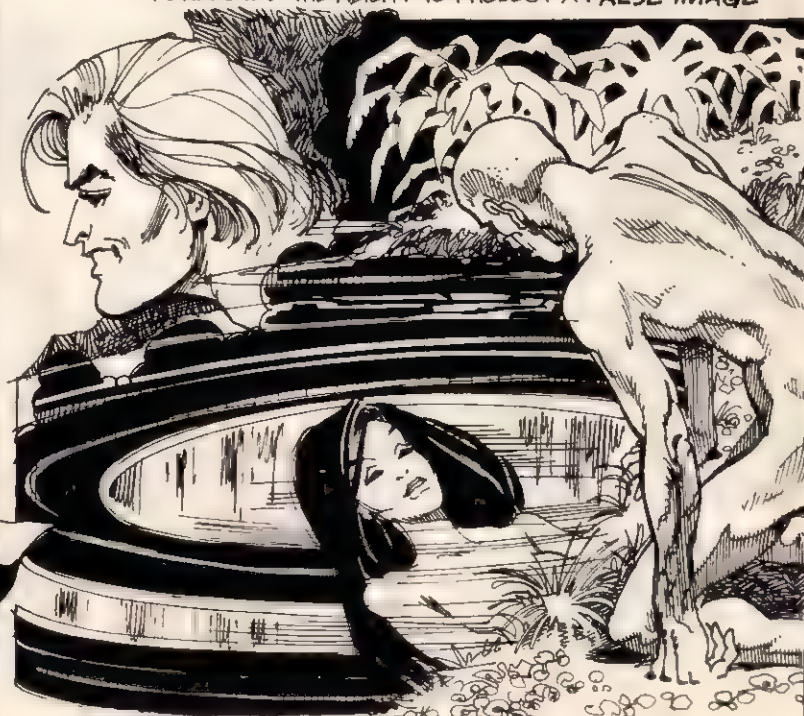


IN A MOMENT, THE FEMALE FLED, LEAVING THE ANGRY MALE BEHIND....



WELL, I'LL BE #@!!*! WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?!

DURING THE CENTURIES OF MY LONELINESS, I HAD PERFECTED THE ABILITY TO PROJECT A FALSE IMAGE -





BUT IT WAS **MORE** THAN AMUSEMENT- IT WAS A MATTER OF **SURVIVAL-MINE!** I HOPED I HAD COPIED THE FEMALE'S ANATOMY CAREFULLY ENOUGH!

SLOW DOWN, KITTEN-I WON'T HURT YOU!

ONLY MY INTENSE WILL KEPT ME GOING. THAT GAME WILL THAT MADE MY FRAIL BODY ENDURE A **DOZEN** LIFE SPANS....



...BUT EVEN MY WILL COULD NOT KEEP MY OLD BODY ALIVE **FOREVER**- I NEEDED **ANOTHER**...SOON...



WHEEZING, MY HEART POUNDING, I SCRAMBLED INTO POSITION...AND WAITED -

HEY, SWEETIE-COME OUT AND SCOTT'LL GIVE YOU A **BIG SURPRISE!**



...I KNOW YOU'RE HERE SOMEWHERE...



I SWUNG THE CLUB WITH ALL MY STRENGTH, FEARING EVEN ALL MY MIGHT-WOULD BE TOO LITTLE...



BUT HE CRUMPLED INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS! I **CROAKED** WITH GLEE!

...NOW ONLY ONE THING REMAINED TO DO.... **MURDER** MY OLD BODY AND RELEASE MYSELF FROM ITS HOLD....

THEN I INVADED SCOTT'S BODY-MY NEW BODY! I KNEW HIS THOUGHTS, I SHARED HIS DESIRES, AMBITIONS....

MY IRON KNIFE CUT DEEP! THE BODY DIED AND I FLOATED FREE-FOR ONLY A MOMENT....

I HAD CHOSEN WELL! THE BODY WAS YOUNG, VIBRANT! THIS WAS THE FIRST STEPPING-STONE TO THE CONQUEST OF THE MANY WORLDS I HAD ONLY NOW DISCOVERED! BUT FOR NOW I WOULD DO ONLY A SMALL THING TO TEST MYSELF--I WOULD GO TO BELLA AND SUCCEED WHERE SCOTT HAD FAILED! YET-WHEN I COMMANDED MY BODY TO RISE....

...LONG MINUTES PASSED... AND I KNEW-KNEW THE ANSWER....

I'M PARALYZED! THAT BLOW STRUCK TOO HARD...AT THE SPINAL COLUMN-ALL MUSCLE CONTROL GONE! FOREVER!

M-MY MUSCLES... THEY DON'T-WON'T RESPOND! BUT THEY HAVE TO- THEY MUST!

...AND NOW...THE MURIDS ARE COMING...BROUGHT BY THE SMELL OF BLOOD...COMING FOR THE FLESH THAT CAN'T ESCAPE! THE OTHERS WON'T FIND ME HERE-AND THE MIND OF A MURID IS TOO SMALL TO CONTAIN ME! WHEN THIS BODY IS DESTROYED....THERE WILL BE....

"RATZ!" I'LL BET THAT'S WHAT OUR FRIEND IS SAYING RIGHT NOW! BUT, REEK SEEKERS, SOMETIMES THE BEST LAID PLANS OF MURIDS AND MEN...AND ALIEN CREATURES, GO ASTRAY- INTO A DEAD END!



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DON'T EVER sneak into a Mummy's Tomb. If you do, you may be in for the same revenge as in this movie. A centuries-old mummy starts out to avenge the opening of his crypt in Egypt. How he does his dirty work, and the chills involved, make THE MUMMY'S TOMB a far-from-dreary, excitingly eerie film. 8mm, 200 feet, \$5.95.



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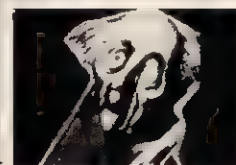
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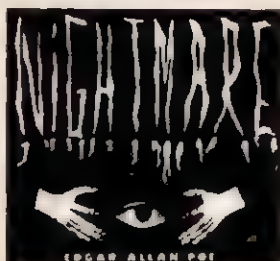
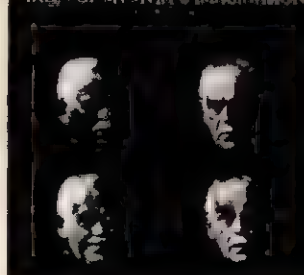
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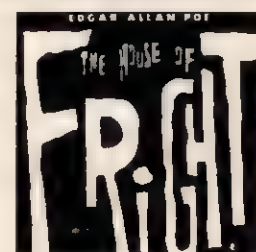
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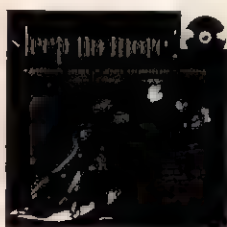
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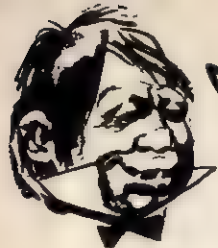
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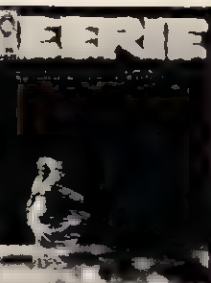
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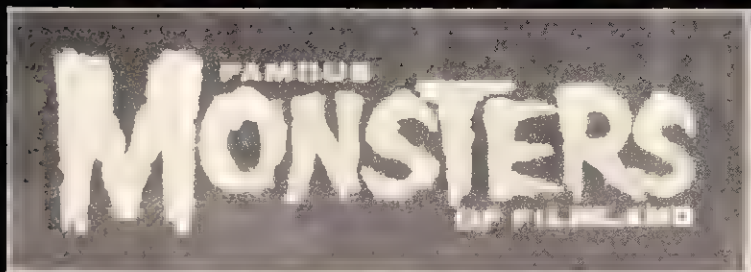
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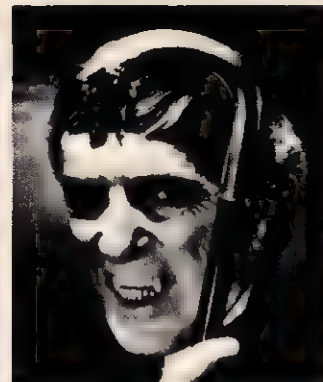
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ACT QUICKLY...
ONLY ABOUT
A MONTH
LEFT BEFORE—
THIS YOUNG
ARTIST TONY
JAMES
MAY BE
JUST
WHAT I'M
LOOKING
FOR!

HE SEEMS TO LIKE PAINTING BEAUTIFUL WOMEN!
THAT SHOULD MAKE IT MUCH EASIER! AND HE
DOES SEEM TO HAVE TALENT...

SEE SOMETHING YOU LIKE, MISS?

ALL THE PAINTINGS SHOW
GREAT PROMISE! IF ONLY
I COULD MEET THE
ARTIST...DO YOU
KNOW HIM?



WHY, YES--VERY TALENTED FELLOW! HE'LL BE GREAT SOMEDAY! AND HE'S A FASCINATING PERSON AS WELL!

HOW THRILLING! WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE?



AS A MATTER OF FACT, HE LOOKS A LOT LIKE **ME!** I COULDN'T RESIST PLAYING A LITTLE JOKE ON YOU. THE TRUTH IS, I WAS FASCINATED THE MOMENT I SAW YOU, AND I'D LIKE VERY MUCH FOR YOU TO POSE FOR ME!

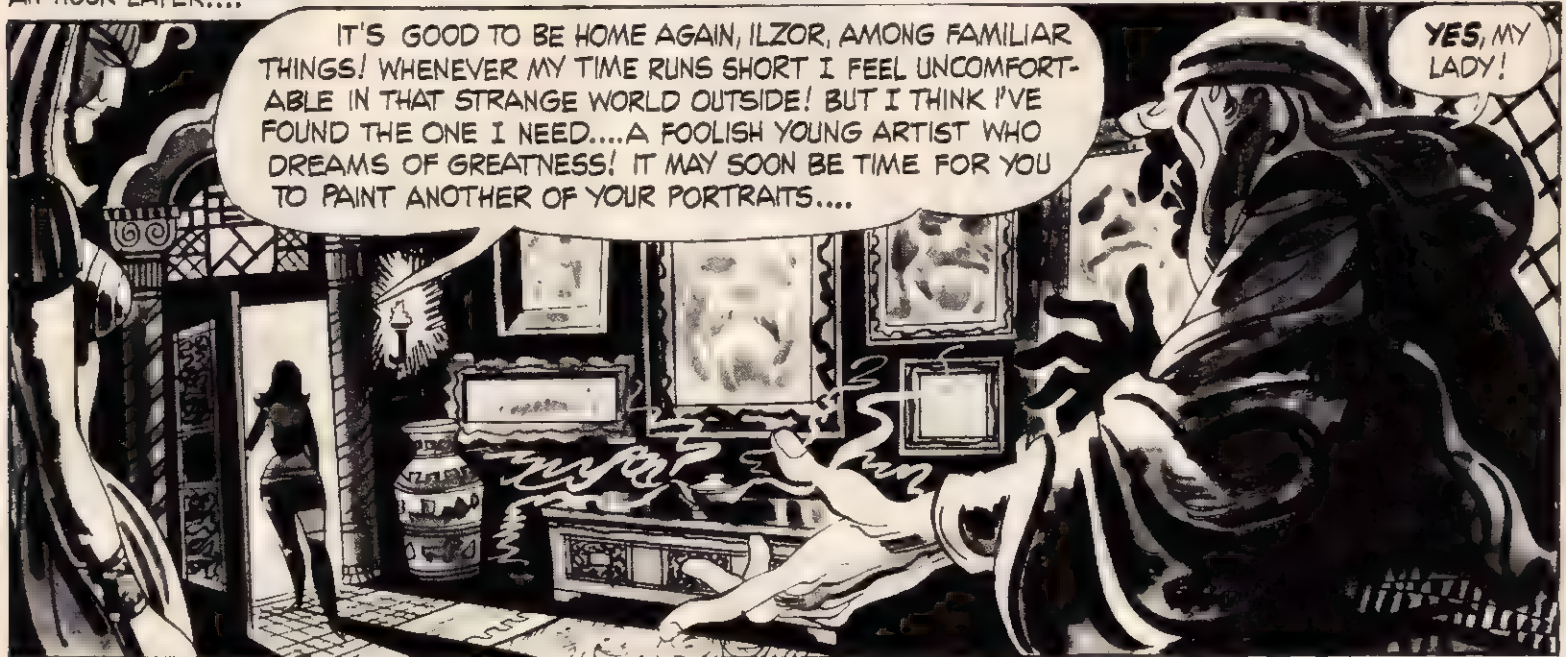
OOOOH, I'D **LOVE** TO POSE FOR YOU! WHAT AN HONOR!



ALL RIGHT THEN..... HERE'S THE ADDRESS OF MY STUDIO! COME IN SOMETIME NEXT WEEK AND WE'LL GET STARTED ON YOUR PORTRAIT!

OH, I **CERTAINLY WILL!**

AN HOUR LATER....

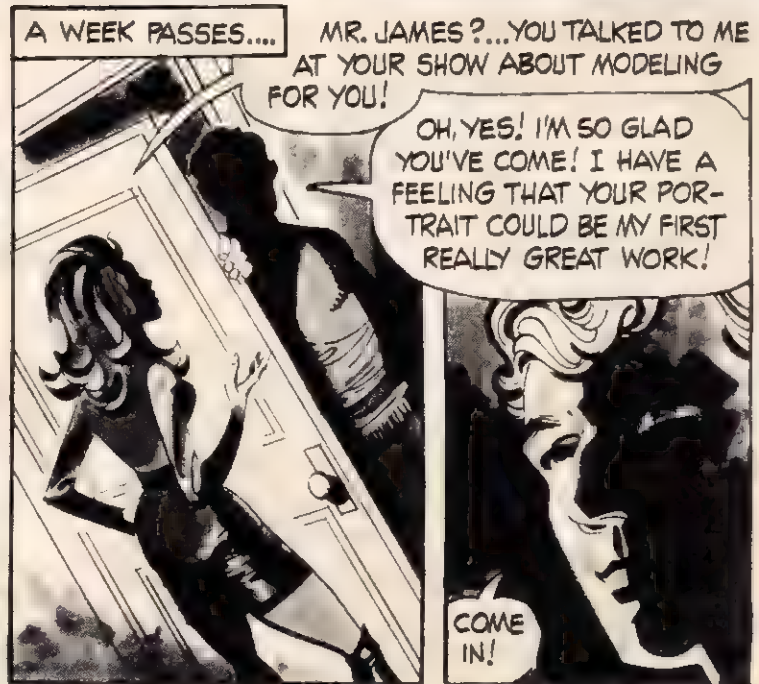


IT'S GOOD TO BE HOME AGAIN, ILZOR, AMONG FAMILIAR THINGS! WHENEVER MY TIME RUNS SHORT I FEEL UNCOMFORTABLE IN THAT STRANGE WORLD OUTSIDE! BUT I THINK I'VE FOUND THE ONE I NEED....A FOOLISH YOUNG ARTIST WHO DREAMS OF GREATNESS! IT MAY SOON BE TIME FOR YOU TO PAINT ANOTHER OF YOUR PORTRAITS....

YES, MY LADY!



YES, ANOTHER DRY, WITHERED OLD MAN FOR OUR GALLERY....SO IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN, SO MUST IT EVER BE! FOR I CAN **NEVER** FIND ETERNAL REST....



A WEEK PASSES....

MR. JAMES?...YOU TALKED TO ME AT YOUR SHOW ABOUT MODELING FOR YOU!

OH, YES! I'M SO GLAD YOU'VE COME! I HAVE A FEELING THAT YOUR PORTRAIT COULD BE MY FIRST REALLY GREAT WORK!

COME IN!



YES, THAT'S FINE!

THE MOOD OF ANTIQUITY SUITS YOU. YOU HAVE A FACE THAT BELONGS IN A CLASSIC SETTING!

AS A MATTER OF FACT, MY ANCESTRY IS TRACE-ABLE TO THE REIGN OF THE PHAROAH AMENOPHIS! BUT ENOUGH ABOUT ME... TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF!



NOT MUCH TO TELL! JUST A STRUGGLING UNKNOWN RIGHT NOW....I FEEL AS IF I'VE GOT A MASTERPIECE HIDING SOMEWHERE IN ME, BUT....WELL, MAYBE THIS ONE WILL BE IT!

I FEEL AS IF IT WILL BE, TONY!...AFTER WE'RE FINISHED FOR THE DAY, YOU MUST COME TO MY PLACE TO SEE MY ART COLLECTION...

THIS **IS** FASCINATING! ALL EGYPTIAN...AND SOME OF IT INCREDIBLY OLD! YOU COULDN'T HAVE COLLECTED IT ALL YOURSELF!

AH, BUT I **DID**! IT TOOK A LONG TIME, BUT... WELL, WE WON'T GO INTO THAT JUST NOW!

NOW **HERE'S** SOMETHING I'M INTERESTED IN....PAINTINGS! THE STYLE IS PRIMITIVE...YET CLASSIC! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING QUITE LIKE IT! AND THE SUBJECT MATTER...THESE OLD MEN **COULDN'T** HAVE BEEN PAINTED FROM REAL MODELS! YOU DIDN'T PAINT THEM, DID YOU?

NO, MY SERVANT ILZOR DID! BUT THEY **WERE** PAINTED FROM LIFE! AS YOU MAY SOMEDAY SEE



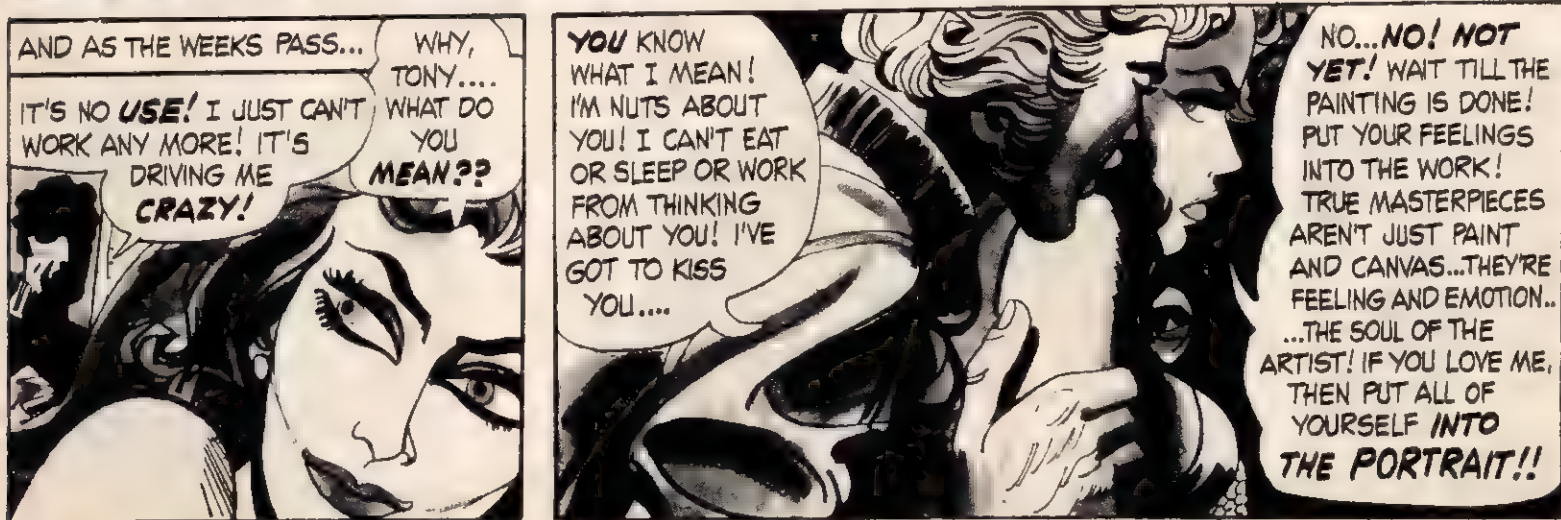
AND AS THE WEEKS PASS...

IT'S NO **USE**! I JUST CAN'T WORK ANY MORE! IT'S DRIVING ME **CRAZY**!

WHY, TONY.... WHAT DO YOU **MEAN??**

YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN! I'M NUTS ABOUT YOU! I CAN'T EAT OR SLEEP OR WORK FROM THINKING ABOUT YOU! I'VE GOT TO KISS YOU....

NO...**NO! NOT YET!** WAIT TILL THE PAINTING IS DONE! PUT YOUR FEELINGS INTO THE WORK! TRUE MASTERPIECES AREN'T JUST PAINT AND CANVAS...THEY'RE FEELING AND EMOTION...**...THE SOUL OF THE ARTIST!** IF YOU LOVE ME, THEN PUT ALL OF YOURSELF **INTO THE PORTRAIT!!**



BUT TWO WEEKS LATER....

IT'S NO GOOD! I'VE TRIED!
I CAN'T DO IT!!! IT
JUST ISN'T IN ME!

I TELL YOU, I'D GIVE
MY LIFE TO PAINT
JUST ONE **TRULY
GREAT** WORK
OF ART!

ANY GREAT ARTIST
REALIZES THAT HIS LIFE
WOULD BE FULFILLED BY
ONE GREAT CREATION. IF
YOU REALLY MEAN IT,
I CAN HELP YOU!

OF **COURSE**
I MEAN IT...
BUT HOW
CAN **YOU**
HELP ME?

I'LL TELL YOU....A
PAINTING IS ONLY A
MERE REFLECTION OF
LIFE...A MIRROR IMAGE
OF REALITY! BUT IF YOU
COMMIT YOUR SOUL TO
IT, YOU CAN CREATE
THE BEAUTY OF
LIFE ITSELF!

LATER AT ISIS' HOME....

YOU WERE AMAZED THAT I COULD COLLECT
ALL THESE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN ARTICLES....
I SAID MY BLOOD GOES BACK TO THE REIGN
OF KING AMENOPHIS....THAT IS BECAUSE I
I AM HIS DAUGHTER!

THE KING'S
ALCHEMIST GAVE ME THE
SECRET OF **ETERNAL LIFE**..
..BUT IT HAS PROVED A
CURSE, FOR WITH IT WENT
THE COMPULSION TO GO ON LIVING
AND NOW I CAN NEVER FIND PEACE!

I HAVE LIVED THROUGH THE CENTURIES
AND EONS BY DRAINING THE YEARS OF
LIFE FROM OTHERS....AND NOW I HAVE
GROWN AGED AGAIN!....

YOU MUST GIVE ME YOUR YEARS....AND
I WILL BE YOUR MASTERPIECE!

THROUGH ME, YOU
WILL CREATE A
MASTERPIECE OF
TRUE LIFE!

YOU WILL WIN A
PLACE WITH ME
ALWAYS...

IF YOU RESTORE ME TO THE
BEAUTY I ONCE HAD! THE
BEAUTY OF WHICH THIS
MASK IS BUT A REMINDER.

**OH, LORD, NO! IT CAN'T
BE! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!**



THE ALCHEMIST'S CATALYST IS SIMPLE....
YOU MUST KISS ME...TO RELEASE THE
SOUL—THE LIFE FORCE YOU PUT INTO
THE PAINTING.

KISS ME AND I WILL BE
RESTORED....**I WILL BE
YOUR ETERNAL**

MASTERPIECE!!



YES! I **LOVE** YOU, ISIS...I..
...I **MUST!** POURED MY
HEART INTO THAT PAINTING..
...MY **CREATION MUST**
LIVE FOREVER!



I... I'VE DONE
IT! **BEAUTIFUL!**



BUT I...I.. (CHOKE)...



AAAAARRGH!



HE'S GONE... BUT
HE HAD HIS
MOMENT OF
CREATIVE
TRIUMPH...

AND HE HAS
WON A PLACE
WITH ME AS I
PROMISED!

AND SO I HAVE ANOTHER FORTY OR FIFTY
YEARS OF LIFE! SO IT HAS ALWAYS
BEEN, SO MUST IT EVER BE! FOR I
CAN NEVER FIND ETERNAL REST!
ILZOR....

YES, MY LADY?

...THERE, ILZOR, IS THE MODEL FOR YOUR
NEXT PAINTING! TONY WILL BE WITH ME **ALWAYS...**
TOGETHER WITH THE **OTHERS** IN OUR
GALLERY!

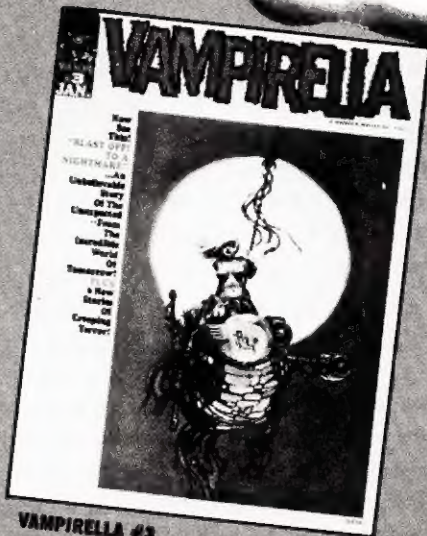
Hmmm... Looks like all of Isis' ex-boy
friends become a real **HANG-UP** for
her! But she has found a way of solving
her own personal **GENERATION GAP!**

the END

The LIFE BLOOD of any COLLECTION!



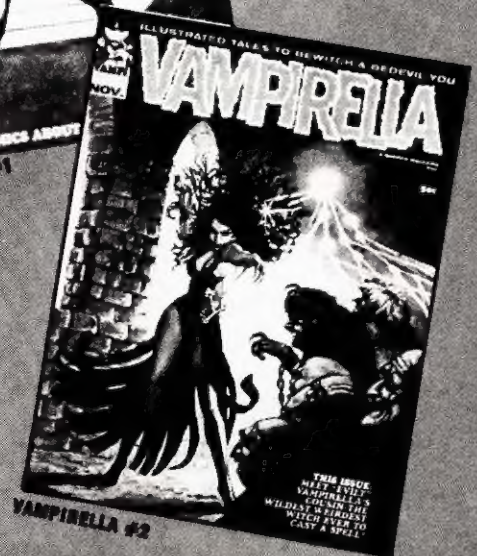
YOU MIGHT HAVE **CREEPS** AND **EERIES** PILED TO THE CEILING! YOU MIGHT EVEN HAVE THE ISSUE NUMBER ONE OF THE **GYPSY GAZETTE**! BUT YOUR COLLECTION ISN'T COMPLETE AT ALL WITHOUT EVERY ISSUE OF **VAMPIRELLA**! GET WITH IT! GET THE EARLY ISSUES NOW, WHILE IT'S STILL EASY! JUST MAIL THIS COUPON



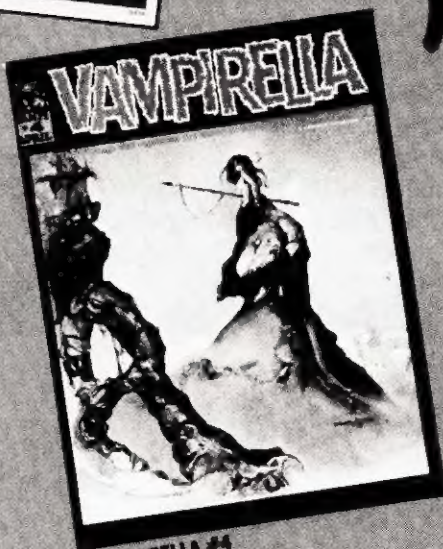
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